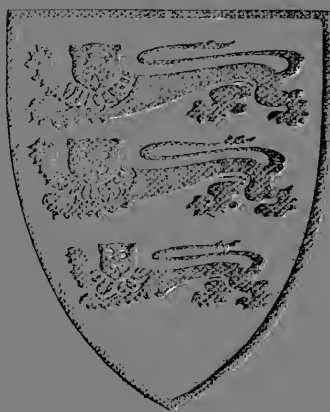
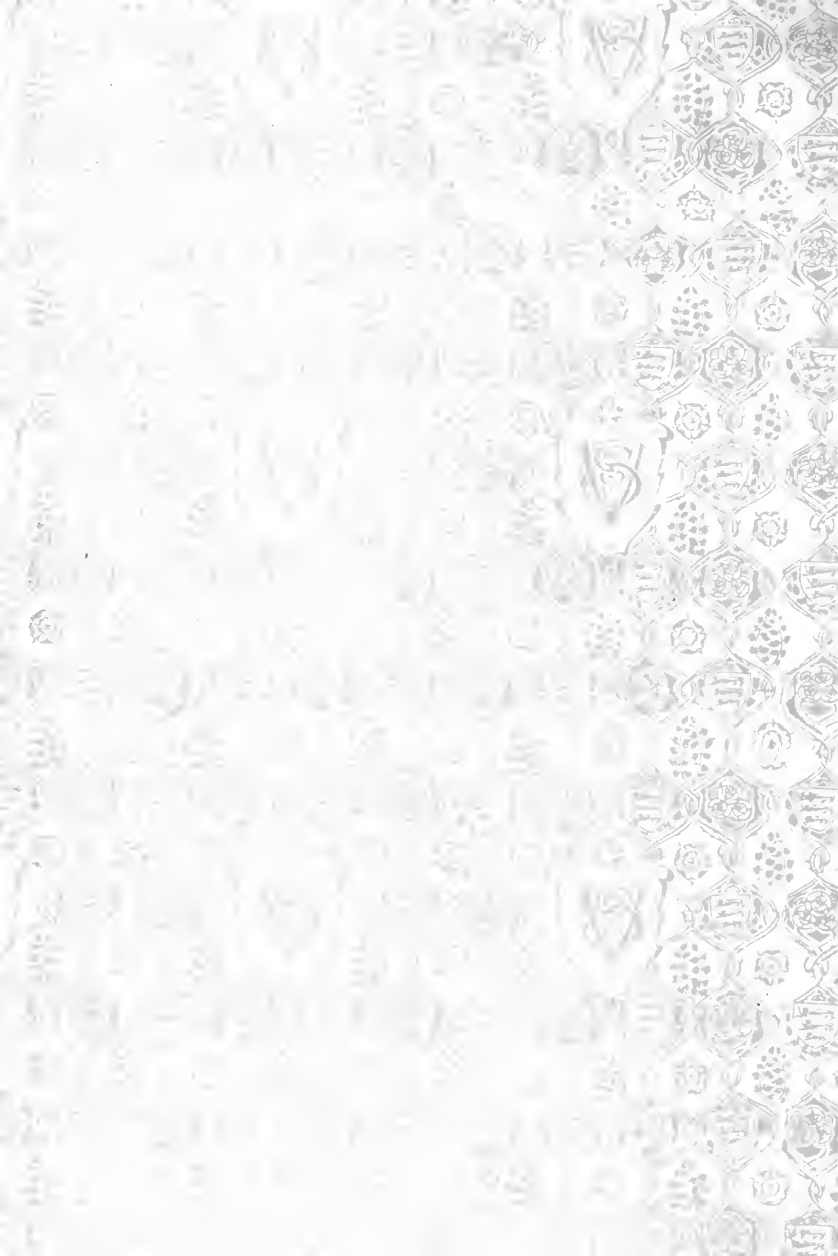


# PICTURESQUE SOUTH DEVONSHIRE



BY

MR. H. K. WRIGHT: F.R. Hist. Soc.



Claude .s. Gwladys

from the Tuxis Uncle

May 3. 1906.





## SOUTH DEVONSHIRE

English Miles  
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Railways ———  
Roads ———  
Canals ———

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*Eddystone Lighthouse*



*THE SHIRE SERIES*

EDITED BY A. H. MILLAR, F.S.A. Scot.

*Picturesque  
South Devonshire*

By W. H. K. WRIGHT, F.R. Hist. Soc., F.L.A.

EDITOR OF "DEVONIA"



VALENTINE & SONS, LIMITED  
DUNDEE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND LONDON



## PREFACE

THE scenery of North Devon differs so much from that of South Devon that it has been deemed expedient to devote a separate volume of Picturesque Devonshire to each of these divisions. The present volume deals with South Devon. Starting from Plymouth, the route traced goes northward to Tavistock, taking in Dartmoor, and then follows the coast-line, describing the principal towns to Axminster in the east, and striking northward to Tiverton and Bampton. An imaginary line drawn from Bampton to Tavistock would practically mark off the division of North and South Devon. This volume deals with the romantic district lying between that line and the sea. North Devon forms the subject of another volume.



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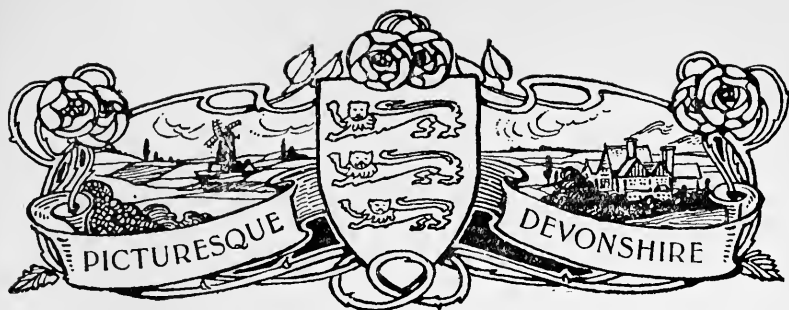






*Plymouth Barbican.*





## SOUTH DEVON

**D**EVONSHIRE, name of magic to full many of its sons and daughters who are located other-where in the world by reason of the strange happenings which go to make up life; "Devonshire," calling up visions of lush green water-meadows and red Devon cattle, of the "Good Red Earth," of old grey castles hoary with age, and rich in legend and story; of those great solitudes of heather and gorse where the age-old tors rise upon the skyline, conical, castellated, rounded, and where among sedges, mosses, and peat-bogs are born the pellucid streams which give to the county its soft beauty and luxuriant verdure.

Devon is one of the largest counties in the kingdom, and is bounded on the south by the

English Channel, and on the north by the Bristol Channel. Westward the boundary line runs from the Tamar River northward to Hartland Point, and away eastward the Blackdown Hills fringe that extremity of the county.

The climate is varied, and is tempered pleasantly by its nearness to the ocean, for from sea to sea there is a distance of only about fifty-five miles.

South Devon is greatly favoured in respect of climate. In summer the country is fanned by the winds blowing in from the sea, and the heat is lessened very appreciably; in winter, all through the South Hams district and along the seaboard the mildness is proverbial, many visitors comparing it favourably with much-vaunted Continental resorts.

Dartmoor has its own particular charm, its own peculiar climate—tonic, bracing, and recuperative in a very remarkable degree: the air has all the rare qualities one associates with that of mountain heights, and even in winter, when grey mists blur the landscape and great storms sweep the moorland heights, the border towns and villages have their quota of visitors; some of them weakly folk seeking after health, and usually finding it in the pure

air and restful conditions of life; strong folk, intent on hunting and golf, walking and cycling; and studious folk, finding in the quietude and remoteness from big cities their opportunity for study.

The chief rivers of South Devon are the Tamar, the Tavy, the Dart, the Teign, the Erme, and the Yealm, all flowing south through the rocky watercourses of the place of their birth down to the English Channel. The Taw and the Torridge, although born on Dartmoor, travel north to the Bristol Channel; but the Exe, rising in Somerset, winds on through Devon, and adds to its vernal beauty and scenic charm until it loses itself in the sea at Exmouth.

The Otter and the Axe, the chief waterways of East Devon, are lost in the greater waters as they flow down to meet the Channel and become a part of it at Sidmouth and at Otterton respectively.

The Dart, most storied of west-country streams, rises in lonely Cranmere, and separating into the East and West Dart flows, the former by Postbridge, and runs on beneath the famous Belliver Tor, the West Dart winding along below weird Wistman's Wood, and, crossing the main road at Two Bridges, is reunited

to East Dart at Dartmeet, and goes with many a bend and picturesque sweep through Holne Chase, Buckland Drives, Ashburton, and Totnes, presently reaching its bourne at Dartmouth.

The Tamar is the dividing line between Devon and Cornwall, and has many tributaries. It is navigable for some twenty miles, and the Tavy joins forces with it just below Bere Ferrers. Lower down, and nearer the trinity of towns, the stream widens into the Hamoaze, and bears upon its broad bosom the ships of war, ancient and modern, which are the glory of the Royal Dockyard town of Devonport and the great port of Plymouth.

The Teign rises above the Dartmoor village of Gidleigh, and flowing through Chagford Town and Moreton Woods to Chudleigh, widens out to an estuary below Newton Abbot, and joins the sea at Teignmouth.

The little Erme has a brief run by Ermington, Ivybridge, and Flete, losing itself in the sea at Mothecombe, in Bigbury Bay. The Avon has its rise near Hexworthy, on a lofty down about fifteen hundred feet above the sea, crossing Brent-moor, passing through the delightful South Hams country until it finds its way into the sea near Bantham, in Bigbury Bay. The

Plym, another child of the prolific parent of rivers—Dartmoor—passes Plympton St. Mary and flows into Plymouth Sound, absorbing on the way the Meavy, the Cad, the Harter, and many other smaller streams.

The Yealm rises near Cornwood from a series of springs, and winds down through wooded lands until it reaches the twin villages of Newton and Noss Mayo (the locale of Mrs. Parr's story, "Loyalty George") and there joins the Kitley, passing into the sea near the famous Mew Stone. Thus the mists, the rains, and the snow, conserved by the mosses and peaty reservoirs of Dartmoor, form themselves into gracious water springs upon the upland height, and these, gathering volume and power as they hurry seawards over green waterslide; through rocky gorge and among moss-grown boulders; receiving largesse from many a tributary stream, become the rivers of Devon, famed in story and in song.

The soil of the county is of four kinds: upon the eastern side the white chalk round the Cathedral City of Exeter, and at the old town of Crediton the good red earth; Dartmoor has its peaty soil, and the great tracts of dun-land in the northern parts of the county make up the tale.

Time was when cider, the *vin du pays*, was one of the most profitable products of Devon, the farmer and his men, ay, and his women haymakers and harvesters too, drank it and throve upon it. It was indeed almost the sole form of alcohol indulged in. Now, however, fiery waters from the Emerald Isle or north of the Tweed, or poor thin beer, have temporarily ousted the wine of the fair apple orchards of Devon. A revival in this particular form of industry may be anticipated, and Devonshire cider may regain the position it once occupied, and be accepted as the most pure and healthful beverage. Clotted cream, that most delectable of west-country viands, is still a great institution in town and country alike, and it is a moot question in the two westernmost counties whether Cornish cream or Devonshire cream be best.

In the old days Dartmoor was populous, when the hardy miner streamed for tin along the moorland watercourses, when Lydford was a walled town with its own right of coinage and its feudal castle, when rugged Crockern Tor served for the tinner's Parliament, and the old adits we see running through the great hills had their uses. Those were



strenuous times indeed. Even a century ago considerable mining operations were carried on in and around Tavistock and Gunnislake, on the Cornish side of the Tamar, and the old mines hereabouts still make food for dreams to the younger generation, for whom disused shaft and grey old chimney represent potential riches hidden away in the veins of Mother Earth. It is remembered in ingle-nook and tavern parlour how, many years ago, an abandoned mine was worked with a capital of one thousand pounds and a rich find of copper rewarded the enterprising few, a million and a quarter in current coin of the realm being available for division when at last the lode was worked out. The Bere Alston and Bere Ferrers mines were rich in silver, and mines of copper, lead, and tin were worked advantageously for some years. The art potteries of Devonshire, of Watcombe, Kingskerswell, and Barnstaple are flourishing industries of to-day, the "ware" being of a high order of artistic excellence. China-clay is another remunerative industry, the deposit being of a first-rate quality; it is in constant demand in the great potteries of Staffordshire, and large quantities are exported abroad.

The traditions of Devonshire are many and full of interest, whether we have regard to the "pixies" (the local fairies or little people), the "wish-hounds," which are still said by the superstitious to career over Dartmoor at dead of night, or the thousand and one minor superstitions which seem to be indigenous to the soil. Verily, Devonshire is a region of romance and old-world lore.

The pixies played an important part in the rural life of Devon up to comparatively recent times. They were veritable little demons of mischief, for they milked the cows in the farmstead o' nights, so that the buxom dairymaid found no use for her milk-pail on going to her early morning work. They rode without mercy the little Dartmoor ponies which graze among the fragrant bog-myrtle and the flaming gorses of the moors. They turned the cream sour and played tricks innumerable; but, graver still, they were wont to beguile the traveller upon Dartmoor long miles out of his way. Many a good man returning from market was pixy-led as he jogged along homeward—at least that was the reason he gave for his late return and his somewhat "mazed" condition. Who, indeed, after such an ex-





*Plymouth Hoe*

perience could be coldly normal of pulse, or exact upon the several points inquired into by the wife of his bosom? A rosy-cheeked damsel who had been to the 'giglet fair at Tavistock or Okehampton, and had been duly hired for work at a neighbouring farm, returned fully an hour later than the time agreed upon, and wore her cloak inside out. "'Tes late, Tamsin," gently admonished the hard-working mother, who, however, had not forgotten the days of her youth. "'Tes late, for sure," admitted the girl with a downcast look, "but us was pixy-led comin' down along, and was fair mazed, till us minded to turn our cloaks, and cross stream up by the steppin' stones." "Dear, dear, then there were several of 'ee pixy-led?" asked the mother, with the gleam of a smile in her still bright eye. "Yes, that is—there was me and Will Hawkes, and us be goin' to marry 'bout this time next year, mother." "Aw, indeed," said the dame.

Incredible as it may seem to the child of this hard, utilitarian age, witches are still dreaded in certain rural Devonshire villages remote from railways. Should a horse shirk its work and refuse its food, should a cow

## 18 WHITE WITCHES AND BLACK

slip its calf, should the fox visit the poultry-yard and carry off the young turkeys, or should the cream decline to become butter, the thrifty housewife must certainly have been ill-wished. There is but one thing to be done—she must consult a white witch, and that speedily. The white witch is sometimes a man, sometimes a woman: sex, be it understood, does not affect the question of supernatural powers. For a consideration—usually a piece of silver—the white witch listens patiently to the whole tale of loss and misfortune, and presently describes the person who has cast a baleful eye upon his or her client. The description is sure to fit somebody in or adjacent to the village, and a charm is given, or an incantation recited, which is to break the power of the evil eye. Not long ago a lady called at a house where the mother had just given a merchant of the gentler sex, who vended brushes, clothes - lines, &c., sundry garments which she could ill spare. “But why did you do it?” said the visitor wonderingly. “Oh, she had a strange, dark eye, and I was terrified lest she should ill-wish me or the children,” was the reply, given in all good faith.

Devonshire has a wealth of traditional songs and ballads. These were in danger of perishing, but the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould came to the rescue, and has carefully gathered and garnered them for posterity, thus rendering a service to his county and to his country which it is difficult to estimate. In perusing his work one realises how much of old-world lore there is in these folk-songs of the west, and how much they reveal to us of the habits and customs, ay, and of the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, of the "old men of Dartmore."

As to the dialect of Devon, although fast dying out owing to the advent of railways and the opening up of remote districts, it is still to be met with in a modified form in the little towns and hamlets which fringe the moor, and more especially in the haunts of the moor-men themselves. It has many striking characteristics, and some authorities contend that it is pure, unadulterated English. The Devon dialect is akin to that of Somerset and Dorset, but totally distinct from that of Cornwall, which is Celtic, and where the remains of an ancient language are to be found. The following extract will

give a faint idea of the modern vernacular of Devon :—

"I never had no eddication—my word, what girt cheanges there be!  
 The bwoys an' the meadens to-day, zir, be all var too clever vor me;  
 I never knawed nort about 'Grammar'—I awnly can zignee my naame—  
 I don't hold wi' too much grand larnin', an' I never velt no valse shame  
 'Bout labourin' 'ard for my livin', the busterin' work must be done,  
 An' larnin's a danger, I tell 'ee, if it taiches 'ee toil for to shun.  
 Where be our varmers to come from, our zervants, an' labourin' lads,  
 Ef they'm all zo tookt up wi' vine 'Grammar,' an' all these yer new-vangled vads?  
 Howzomever tes no use my taalkin'—things bain't as they used vor to be—  
 P'raps gude will come out o't zome day; I 'opes vor the rest du 'ee zee."

From "A Visit to Gramfer Dingle,"  
 by W. GREGORY HARRIS.

The visitor to Devonshire, particularly to South Devon, has a choice of routes by which to enter and leave the county, and naturally he begins his wanderings at Plymouth. This is the "Mother Plymouth sitting by the Sea," as a much-travelled American writer (Elihu Burritt) has styled it.

Plymouth is the most westerly town in Devonshire; it lies, in fact, just on the borders



of Cornwall, that "Delectable Duchy" upon which "Q" dilates so eloquently in his charming sketches and stories. The river Tamar, which falls into Plymouth Sound, is the dividing line between the two counties of Devon and Cornwall.

Plymouth, again, is the most convenient harbour at the mouth of the Channel for the huge ocean liners, which may be seen almost daily floating upon the blue waters of the Sound, and discharging their living freight as well as their epistolary cargo for distribution throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It is the first port of call for vast numbers of our kin across the seas, and the last port from which they hail when they have finished their peregrinations in the old country.

Further, its geographical position is unequalled, its historical associations unsurpassed, and it affords facilities for getting about, whether by road or river, rail or sea, which few towns can boast.

Moreover, the town is the centre of a great population, roughly computed at a quarter of a million, for it is one of a triplet of towns—Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse—and containing within its area huge naval and

military establishments, which in themselves form a source of attraction for visitors. It is, in fact, one of the most important naval stations of the British Empire; it was the cradle of the Navy in the days of Elizabeth, and has been the home of the Navy ever since.

#### PLYMOUTH HARBOUR.

“ Oh, what know they of harbours  
Who toss not on the sea !  
They tell of fairer havens,  
But none so fair there be  
As Plymouth town outstretching  
Her quiet arms to me,  
Her breasts' broad welcome spreading  
From Mewstone to Penlee.”

ERNEST RADFORD.

Plymouth has an excellent railway service, the district being served by the Great Western and the London and South-Western lines respectively; the former having its terminus at Paddington, the latter at Waterloo; the average journey by fast trains, on either route, being little more than five hours, while some trains on the former line do the journey of 246 miles without a stop in less than that time.

Plymouth has a long and remarkable history, which although it cannot vie in point of antiquity with many other cities and towns, is yet closely identified with our national history.

When Edward III. sat on the throne of England, Plymouth was a place of considerable importance; in fact, only London, Bristol, and Hull ranked higher in point of population and position.

So long ago as 1253, Plymouth had a duly constituted market; and the town has been represented in Parliament since the year 1298. The list of Mayors is complete since the year 1439, although doubtless the office of Mayor existed prior to the incorporation of the borough. It is worthy of note that Plymouth was the first town to receive a charter of incorporation from Parliament previous to 1439, that privilege having up to that date been granted by the King.

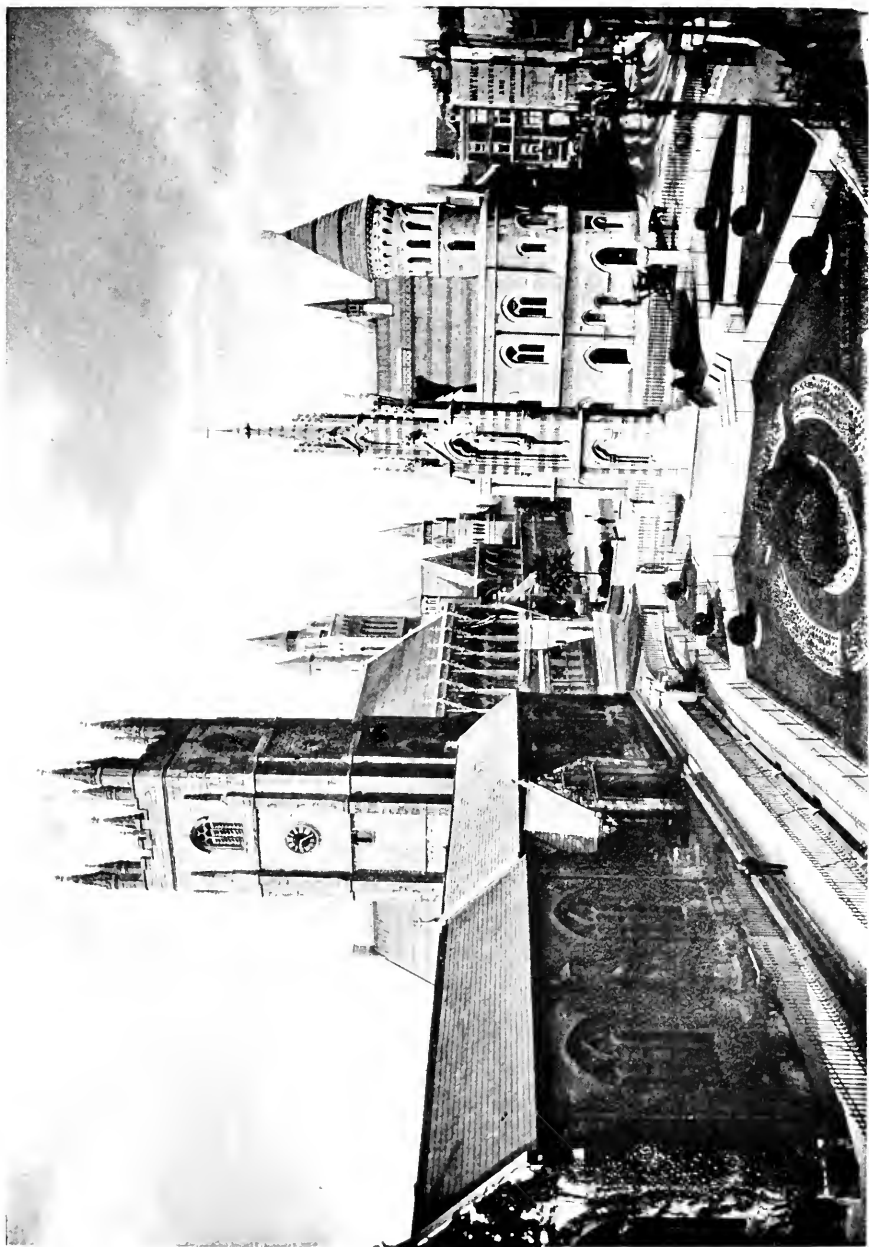
The geographical position of the port was fully recognised in the fourteenth century, for then, as now, it was a great maritime centre. Edward III. made the port his rendezvous for the great fleet with which he laid siege to Calais, and many are the stirring events which have been associated with Plymouth from the days of Edward the Black Prince down to those of our gracious sovereign Edward VII.

What stories we could tell of the brave

doings of the great Devonshire sea-captains of the reign of Elizabeth; of Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh and Grenville, Oxenham and others, who struck terror into the hearts of England's foes, and gained many a fair land for England's crown. They sowed the seeds of our great Colonial system, which has now expanded into the mightiest Empire that the world has ever seen, and Plymouth was the cradle and home of these Sea Kings.

It was on Plymouth Hoe that Drake and the English captains were playing at bowls when news was brought of the approach of the Spanish Armada; and it was from Plymouth Sound that Lord Howard's fleet sailed out to attack the mighty galleons of Philip, with what glorious results for England, what disaster for Spain, history tells us in graphic language.

Plymouth Hoe is classic ground, for within sight of it some of the greatest naval dramas of our national history have been enacted for nigh upon seven hundred years. The watchers on Plymouth Hoe saw the little *Mayflower* with all sails set glide away over the unknown waters to that haven in America, where the Pilgrims founded a new home, and planted a new nation. That was in 1620, and a few



*St. Andrew's Church and Guildhall.*



years later great excitement must have prevailed on the same spot when the people of Plymouth crowded to that vantage ground to watch the operations of the Royalist forces besieging the town during the troublous days of the Civil War. But these historic scenes might be multiplied indefinitely ; for in later years Plymouth has well maintained her old traditions, and has played her part in the drama of Empire, expeditions of all kinds, and to all parts of the globe, having been sent out from this port ; in fact, a large proportion of our colonisation may thus be traced to the direct influence of this "Mother Plymouth sitting by the Sea."

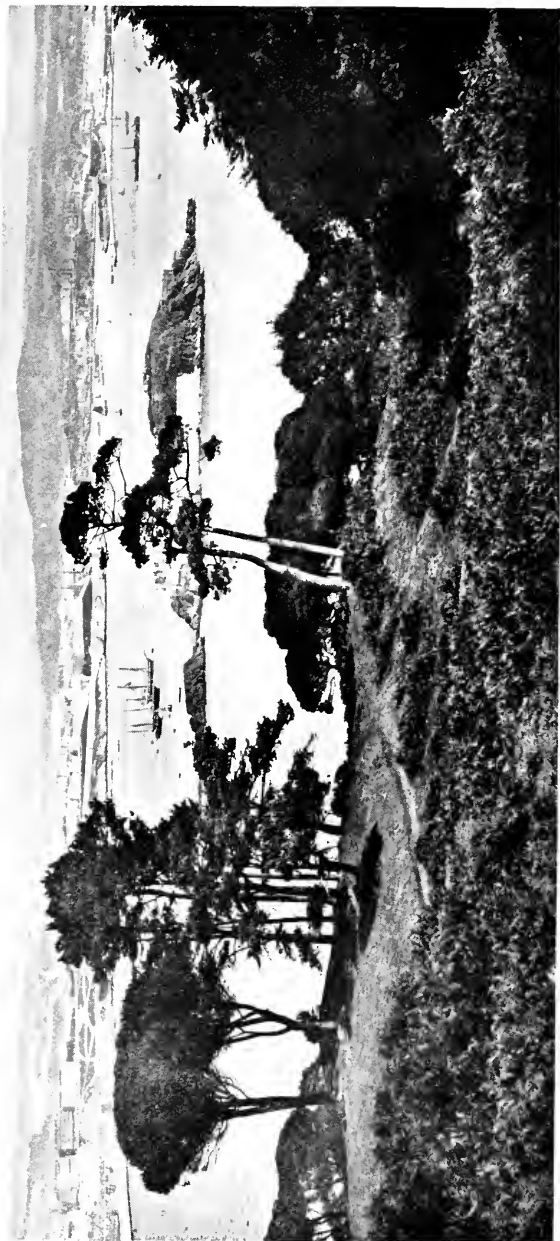
Visitors to the modern town of Plymouth can scarcely realise that less than a century ago it was a small town, with narrow streets and mean buildings, that its population was less than twenty thousand, and that its general appearance and arrangements left much to be desired ; now it presents a very pleasing aspect, and everything is done to attract visitors and to encourage them to linger among the lovely scenes of which it is so charming a centre. Its streets are wide and well lighted ; its tramway service extends to

the principal suburbs; its public buildings and institutions are excellent; its hotels spacious and well managed; its water-supply abundant, and its sanitary arrangements thoroughly up to date. There are parks and open places in plenty, the chief of which, the Hoe, is the popular promenade, and, with its constantly varying outlook, offers an endless source of attraction to strangers and to townspeople alike. "Plymouth is beautiful," said our late beloved Queen Victoria, and tens of thousands of sightseers on gazing for the first time from the Hoe, seaward or landward, have echoed her eulogium.

The town of Devonport, which with the intermediate township of East Stonehouse forms the trio of towns known locally as the "Three Towns," owes its origin mainly to the establishment of the dockyard in the reign of William and Mary. Until the year 1824 it was known as Plymouth Dock. It was incorporated in 1836. Up to that time its history was almost identical with that of Plymouth, it being really an out-growth of the older town; but of late years it has started on an entirely independent course, and is now a busy, thriving town, larger in area,







*Wynmouth from Mount Edgemoor.*

and almost as large in point of population, as its older neighbour. Of course the principal attraction of Devonport lies in the Royal Dockyards and other Government establishments, with its extensive barrack accommodation for both branches of the service, and the fact that it is at present one of the chief naval stations in the world, and when the present dock extension is complete, it will claim pre-eminence in that respect. On the broad bosom of the Hamoaze, the principal harbour, may be seen at all times numbers of the leviathans of the deep, the battleships of Old England, which represent a most important part of our national assets. Visitors are permitted to visit the dockyards, and occasionally to inspect the ships in harbour. About four miles from Devonport is the famous Royal Albert Bridge, Brunel's masterpiece, which spans the Tamar at Saltash and connects the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and many pretty villages nestle along the shore on both sides of the river.

The town of Stonehouse lies between the two boroughs of Plymouth and Devonport, and although possessing some interesting characteristics, has nothing particularly remarkable to

commend it to visitors. The chief establishments are the Royal William Victualling Yard (for the Navy) and the Royal Naval Hospital. Just across the water, and easily reached from either of the Three Towns, is the beautiful seat of Mount Edgcumbe, the stately home of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe. The grounds occupy an area of about three miles in circumference, and command a magnificent panorama of sea and land. The mansion dates from the year 1550, but has been considerably added to since that date. The art treasures it contains are of great value, and include many of the finest works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

On the eastern side of the Sound is an elevated plateau, now bristling with fortifications and barracks, named Staddon Heights, and on this lofty eminence the Royalist troops under Prince Maurice were encamped when they laid siege to Plymouth. The stout burghers of the old town threw off their allegiance to the reigning monarch and cast in their lot with the Parliament, remaining faithful to the people's cause throughout the Civil War. What wonder, therefore, that Charles II. when he came to the throne visited Plymouth, and planned for the erection of that great

## WHERE REYNOLDS WAS BORN 29

fortification, the Citadel, which occupies a great portion of the eastern Hoe and dominates the town. Ostensibly the Citadel, erected 1666-1670, was for defensive purposes, but in reality as a standing menace to the rebellious townsmen. Fine views are to be obtained from the ramparts of the Citadel, which is thrown open to the public at certain hours every day.

Mention has already been made of the rivers which flow into the Sound, but it may be added that the Plym, from which Plymouth takes its name, enters the waters of the Channel from the east, where it forms the spacious harbour of Cattewater, and is spanned by the Laira Bridge for general traffic as well as by a railway bridge.

On the banks of the Plym, where it broadens out into the Laira estuary, is Saltram, the beautiful home of the Earls of Morley, and full of choice art treasures and lovely plenishings. The grounds are beautiful. Just beyond is the old-world town of Plympton, where the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first President of the Royal Academy, was born, and received his education in its quaint old grammar school. Plympton St. Mary Church is a very ancient structure, and is well worth

a visit; while the ruins of the old castle afford interesting speculations for the archæologist. Near the church was the site of the old Priory, at one time one of the most extensive and wealthy religious houses in the West. But times are changed, the Prior and his monks are gone, their beautiful church is razed to the ground, and little but the bare foundations are left to tell of its ancient grandeur. Plympton, too, which formerly sent two members to Parliament, is now a quiet, peaceful country village, which lives upon its memories of the past. There is an old rhyme which runs—

“ When Plympton was a borough town,  
Plymouth was a fuzzy down.”

Not far away is the charming little town of Plymstock, with its beautiful old church and general air of quiet, old-world life. The little town of Modbury, a few miles farther on, is about twelve miles from Plymouth, and is best reached by motor omnibus from that town. Although now little more than a village it once returned members to Parliament, and rejoiced in a Portreeve, two constables, and an ale-taster, the latter being a most important functionary in Modbury at a time when the



*The Harbore and Dockyards, Davenport*





little town was famous for its nappy ale, described by the historian Westcote as being the best in the county. He attributes the longevity of the inhabitants of the town to the free use of the home-brew, being, as he avers, meat, drink, and almost clothes. Then there is Yealmpton, a most picturesque little town on the river Yealm, and a capital centre for holiday trips by rail, motor, or cycle in the lovely South Hams district. From Yealmpton or from Steer Point, one station nearer Plymouth, the most beautiful parts of the rivers Kitley and Yealm may be reached, together with the twin villages of Newton and Noss, the latter being within easy reach of Plymouth by road, river, rail, and sea. Kingsbridge and Salcombe may also be reached by this route, but as they lie more directly on a branch of the Great Western Railway, they will be best dealt with in another place.

Let us now take a sudden flight to the opposite point of the compass, and pass in rapid survey some places of interest to the west and north-west of Plymouth. On our way towards Saltash we pass Ham House, a fine old seventeenth-century mansion built by and the residence of Robert Trelawny, one of the

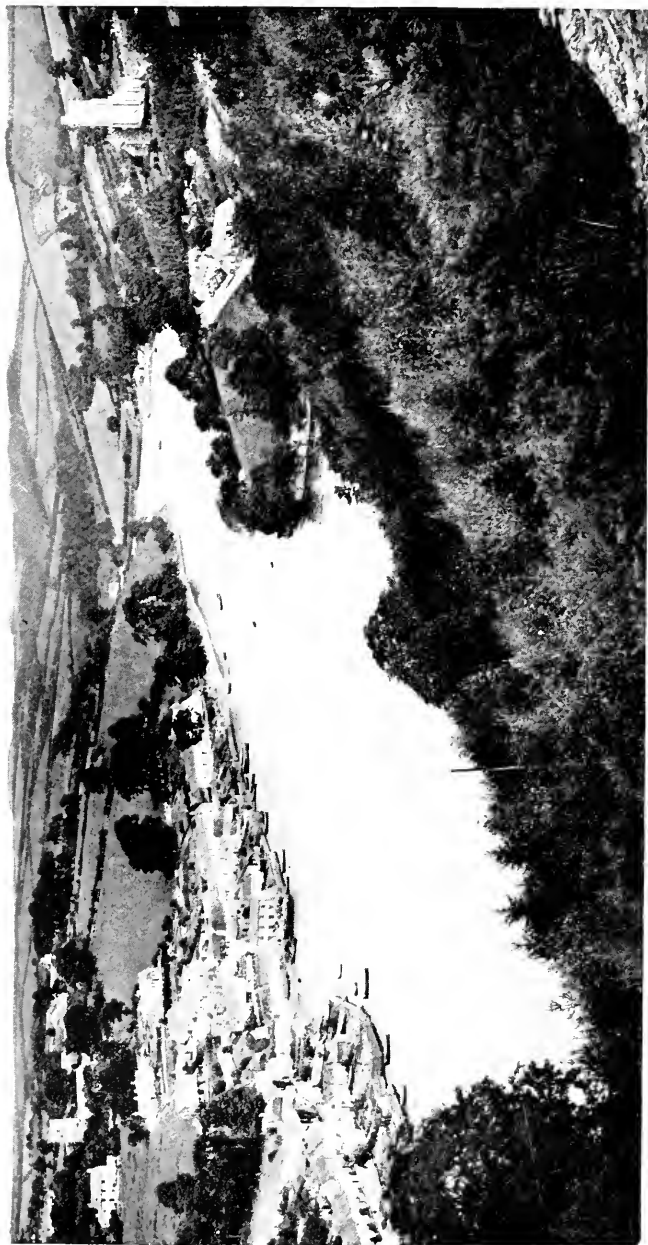
## 32 ST. BUDEAUX AND TAMERTON

founders of the State or Colony of Maine. This is a notable old house, and Trelawny was one of the many notable men whom Plymouth claims as her sons. Weston Mill is another picturesque place, more attractive perhaps to the artist and the photographer than to the archæologist or antiquary.

Tamerton is also a place of old repute; it has a fine old church, but its chief attraction now to the average modern person is in its strawberry gardens, the culture of these toothsome delicacies being the staple industry of a large portion of the rural population in this district. The same may be said of Bere Alston and Calstock, a little farther up the South-Western line.

The old parish church of St. Budeaux also claims attention, for it contains several fine monuments, one, that of the Gorges, having recently been restored by the Maine Historical Society, in recognition of the services rendered to their country by gentlemen of this district who formed the first Plymouth Company and established trading relations in the New World. There are several very fine mansions in this district, notably Warleigh, the old home of the Coplestones, and the scene of one of the most popular of Mrs. Bray's novels,





*The River Pyralin.*

"Warleigh; or, The Fatal Oak"; and Maristow, pleasantly situated on the river Tavy, just above its junction with the Tamar, and almost opposite the little town of Bere Ferrers, with its striking and venerable church.

Somewhat farther inland is Buckland Monachorum, or Buckland of the Monks, with the ruins of a magnificent abbey, once the residence of the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake, and long in the occupation of the modern representative of the Drake family. The house is surrounded by beautiful grounds, and contains many relics of the Armada and Elizabethan days, including the drum which is said to have accompanied Drake on his voyage of circumnavigation, the drum which gave a modern verse-writer (Mr. Henry Newbolt) the inspiration for one of his most charming ballads, entitled "Drake's Drum," one verse of which runs as follows:—

"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,  
Strike it when your powder's running low,  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' heaven,  
And drum 'em up the Channel as we drummed 'em long  
ago."

There is also at Buckland Abbey an authentic portrait of Sir Francis Drake, and a fine full-length portrait of Don Pedro de Valdez,

(D.)

E

## 34 FRONTIER HEIGHTS OF DARTMOOR

Drake's distinguished Armada prisoner. Buckland Church, near by, is a good specimen of the Perpendicular style, and has some fine monuments; while in the churchyard has been re-erected the fine old granite cross, which for generations had been relegated to a somewhat ignominious position on the roadside, and was little regarded by the villagers.

There are many places of interest and scenic beauty in this immediate neighbourhood.

Passing from Buckland across the downs we find ourselves on the breezy uplands constituting the slopes of Dartmoor, and here is much to charm the sight and to arouse the imagination. Striking the main road from Plymouth the pedestrian or the cyclist has a choice of routes, all of them beautiful and of diversified character—Bickleigh with its sylvan vale, the valley of the Plym; the Dewerstone, a huge rock on the banks of the brawling river Cad, the eyrie of hawks and other birds of prey; the charming glades formed by the river Meavy, the progenitor of the Plym; then Meavy village and church, with its ancient oak and mediæval cross; the rapidly rising district of Yelverton, a residential suburb of Plymouth, famed for its bracing air and health-giving properties;





*Twistock.*



Burrator Lake, the new storage reservoir of the Plymouth Corporation, about a mile and a quarter in length, and with a storage capacity of about 650,000,000 gallons; then Sheepstor, standing in lonely grandeur, guarding the approaches to the moor; Sheepstor village and church, in the lonely God's acre of which lie the remains of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, who dwelt hard by; then on by devious ways, by rushing rivers "thorough brake, thorough briar," here and there reminding one of Switzerland, here and there of the South African kopjes, away to the Gothic town of Tavistock.

Charmingly situated within easy walking distance of the Dartmoor hills, a splendid view of which is obtainable from the higher parts of the town, this place can boast a great antiquity and a prosperity enjoyed by few of its sister towns. It is a remarkably healthy place, possesses an abundant supply of pure water, is thoroughly well drained, and its death-rate is one of the lowest in the kingdom. The town has several good hotels, and numerous boarding-houses; it is, therefore, a most convenient centre for moorland excursions. During the summer months circular coaching

trips enable visitors to enjoy the most delightful scenery in Devonshire, and at the same time to assimilate the life-giving properties of the delicious moorland air.

Tavistock has a very fine and spacious church, dedicated to St. Eustacius, restored in 1846, and containing some very fine monuments; but the glory of the town is the ruins of its ancient abbey, the splendour of which it is difficult to realise from the battered and time-worn fragments which are left. It is believed to have been founded by Ordulf, son of Orgar, Ealderman of Devon, and dedicated to St. Rumon for the Benedictines about the year 961. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries the site of the abbey and its enormous estates were bestowed by Henry VIII. upon Lord Russell, and is still in the possession of the Russell family, represented by the Duke of Bedford. The portions of the abbey which remain are Betsy Grimball's Tower, in which, according to tradition, a nun was murdered; the refectory, now a place of worship of the Unitarians; Ordulf's tomb, a fragment of the ancient buildings; and the old castellated wall, running parallel with the river Tavy, in which is a tower that was the still-house of the monks.

## SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S BIRTHPLACE 37

Many and various are the associations of this quiet little market-town. Sir Francis Drake, "first of England's Vikings," was born at Crowndale, near the spot where stands a fine statue of the old sea-dog; William Brown, author of "Britannia's Pastorals," was a native of Tavistock; so was Sir John Glanville, a notable Judge of Elizabethan days; and, in later times, the authoress of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" (Mrs. Charles). Another interesting link with the past may be recorded in the fact that one of the first printing-presses in England was set up at the Abbey of Tavistock, and some works which emanated from this press are to be found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Educationally, Tavistock stands high, for it possesses Kelly College, one of the most successful of modern schools.

Not far from Tavistock is Morwell, one of the farms or hunting-lodges of the Abbots of Tavistock, and from a point of vantage on the cliffs overhanging the river Tamar a magnificent view of the Cornish hills may be enjoyed. Here is Harewood House, the scene of Mason's drama of "Elfrida"; and Morwell is also the locality of "Eve," one of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's popular novels.

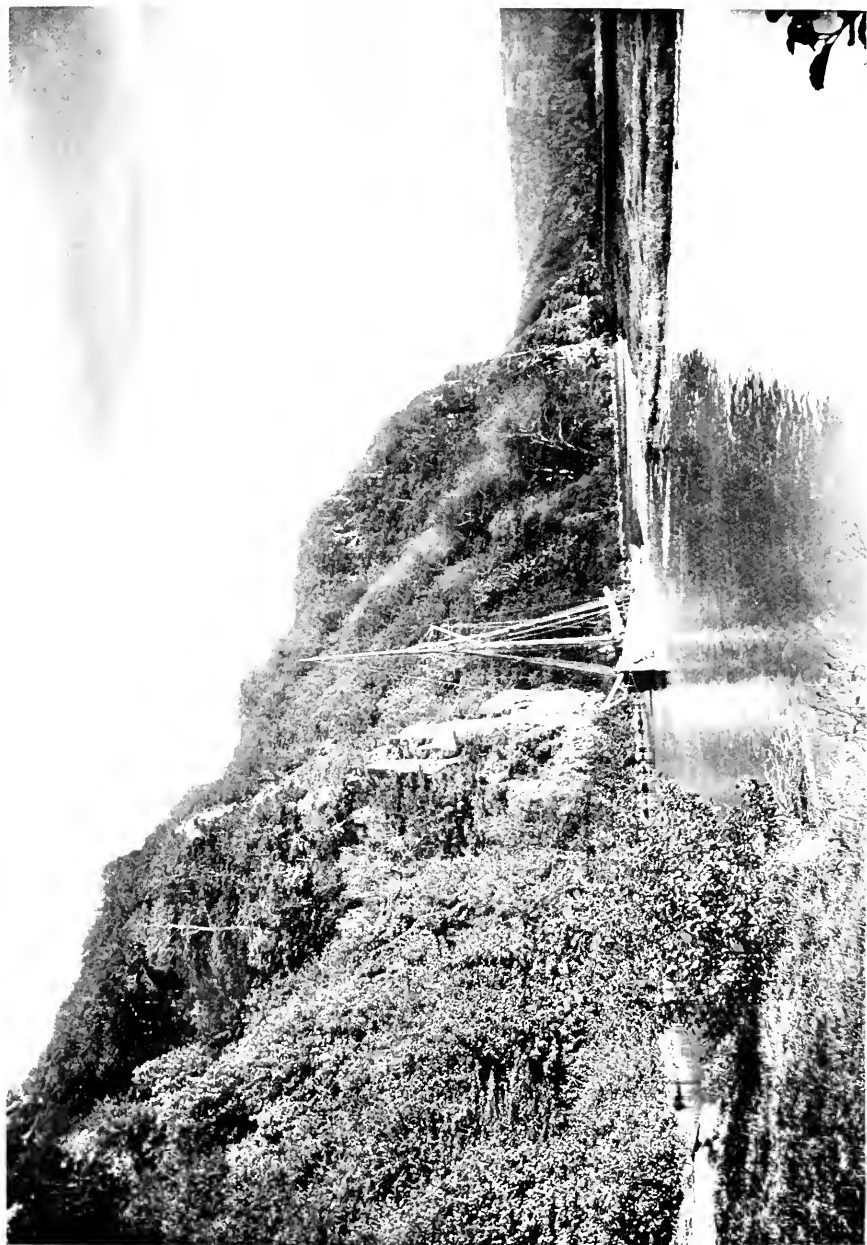
### 38 THE WOODLANDS OF ENDSLEIGH

Amongst the beauty spots and places of interest in the neighbourhood of Tavistock are Brent Tor, with its tiny church, around which an interesting tradition lingers; Tavy Cleave, one of the most rugged and romantic bits of river scenery to be found in Devonshire; and Lydford, with its magnificent gorge and beautiful cascade; and its ancient castle where Judge Jefferies sat during the "Bloody Assizes"; and the site of an ancient mint in the far-off days of Ethelred II. The castle was granted to Piers de Gaveston by Edward II.

Another charming spot in the neighbourhood of Tavistock is Endsleigh, a country residence of the Duke of Bedford, approached through miles of the most exquisite woodland, amid which meanders the Tamar, winding its way on to the sea. The valley of the Tavy is charming, whether one goes up into the heart of the moor or follows it by devious ways until it joins its elder sister, the Tamar, just above Saltash.

Whitchurch is a delightful moorland village, pleasantly situated on the fringe of Whitchurch Down, and an ideal place for a summer stay.

Every one who visits Devonshire hears of Princetown, the centre of Dartmoor, and the



*St. Michael's River, Tamar.*



seat of one of His Majesty's great convict establishments. At an elevation of about 1400 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by majestic hills, and easily approachable by rail and road, Princetown is the Mecca of sight-seers, especially those hailing from America. There is a short and most picturesque route by rail from Yelverton junction, or a splendid drive by road from Tavistock, *chars-à-bancs* passing to and fro several times a day. By the former, delightful peeps may be had of the tors and downs of Dartmoor, and by the latter, an endless panorama of wild and rugged crags, rushing streams, and solitudes inhabited only by a few sheep and cattle, and full of memories of the past; for here are groups of ancient Celtic remains over which many learned discussions have taken place. These remains, which consist of circles, stone avenues, cromlechs, a rock pillar, and the foundations of an extensive village, are near Merrivale Bridge, where the Walkham winds along until it joins the Tavy on its way to the sea.

About two miles from Princetown is Two Bridges, at the confluence of the Dart and the Cowsick, and here a divergence may be made to enable the pedestrian to visit the ancient

forest of dwarf oaks known as Wistman's Wood, and Crockern Tor, where formerly the Parliament of Tinnars was held. Then away over the hills to Dartmeet where the East and West Darts join to form one rushing, roaring torrent, forcing its way through rocky chasms and by wooded slopes, thence to Ashburton, Totnes, and Dartmouth.

In another direction across Dartmoor, Okehampton lies in a valley, and is one of the chief towns of this moorland district. It is a place of great antiquity, and was probably of some importance during the Roman occupation of Britain: a number of Roman coins were unearthed in 1899 above the railway station. Domesday shows that it was a market-town long before the days of Norman rule, when Baldwin de Brionys, the Norman baron, followed the Conqueror and built his fortified castle just above the noisy little watercourse of the Okement. His son became baron of Okehampton, and the barony afterwards reverted to Reginald Courtenay, with the castle and all the manors which the powerful Norman noble had possessed. King Edward IV. seized it on account of the adherence of the Courtenay family to the house of Lancaster. It was

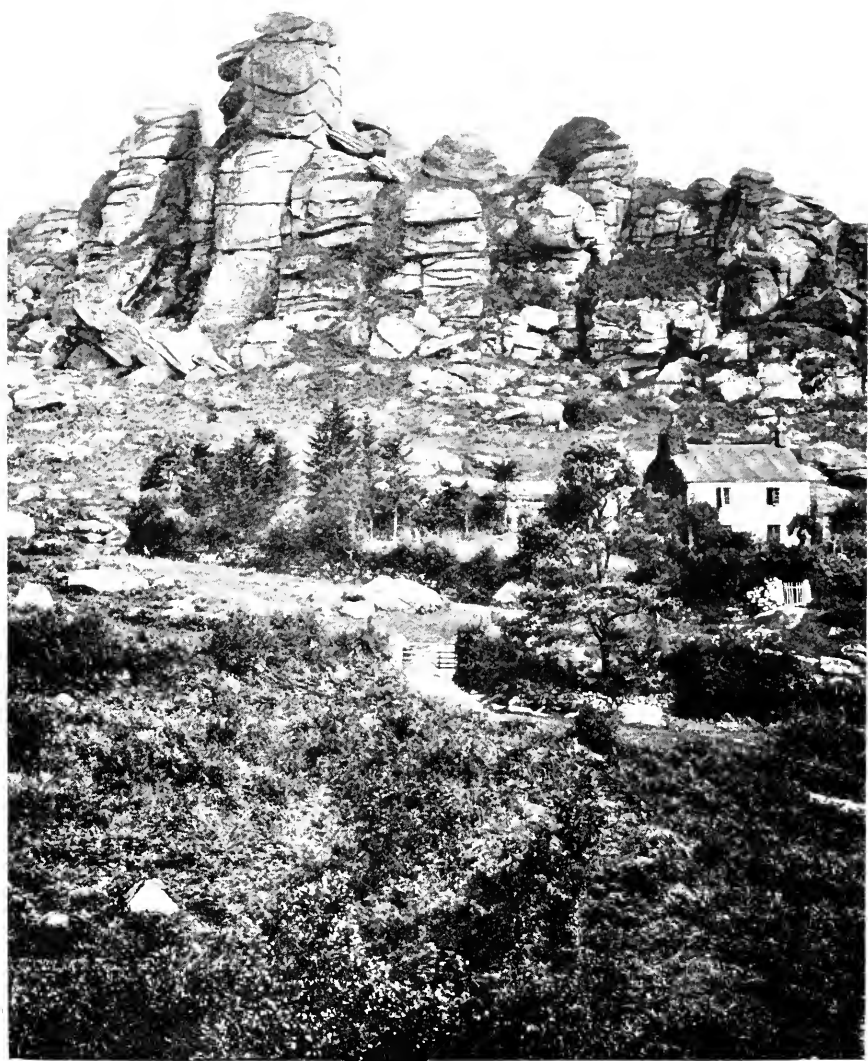




*Ludford Gorge*







*Vixen Tor, Dartmoor.*

## OKEHAMPTON AND ITS CASTLE 41

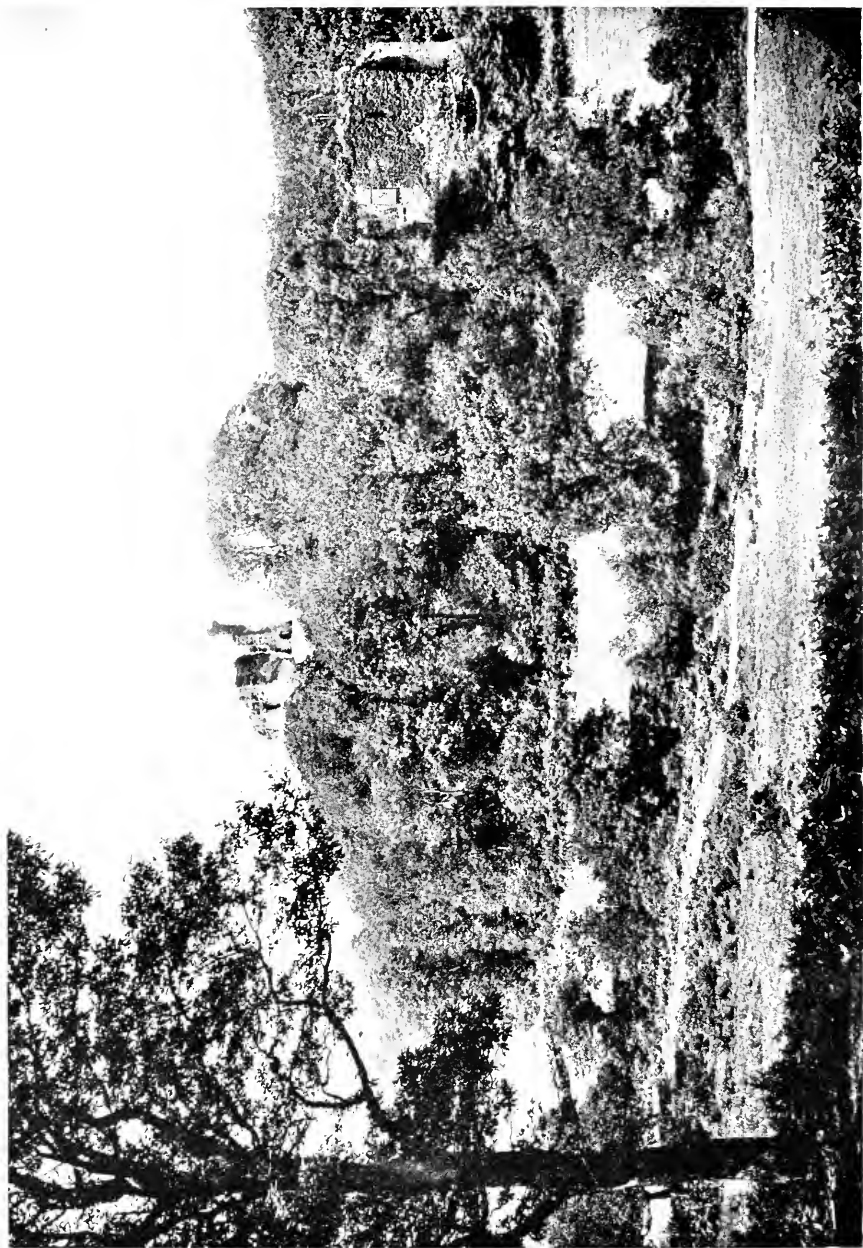
restored to them by Henry VII., but it was taken from them again by Henry VIII., when the castle was dismantled. The ivy-grown ruins are still interesting, and form picturesque reminders of the old feudal times and the noble house of Courtenay.

Prior to the fire of 1842 the parish church of Okehampton possessed ancient monuments, now it has nothing of great interest, but is much visited on account of the glorious views from the lofty heights of the churchyard. The old sleepy town often awakes to temporary briskness, for a good service of coaches conveys many visitors through its streets in summer. The run through Sticklepath, South Zeal, and much fine open country to Drewsteignton for Fingle Bridge, taking Chagford on the homeward journey, is particularly delightful. The broad uplands south of the town, and known as Okehampton Park, are used for artillery practice in summer time, and gallant sons of Mars are to be seen in little groups here and there when off duty. Okehampton is a fine centre for many a moorland point of interest. High Wilhayes, the loftiest peak on the moor, is within a distance of five miles, and reaches an altitude of 2040 feet. This and the craggy

height of Yes Tor should be climbed; they are both upon the same high ridge of moorland, and though only half a mile apart, they afford totally different views. From High Wilhayes glorious sweeps of heather-clad moorland, broken by tor-crowned heights, are obtained. One sees, perhaps, a little herd of shaggy moorland ponies cropping the herbage, or galloping away in hot haste should an invader of these silent solitudes come too near; but otherwise it is a place of such peace as the town-bred man can scarcely realise. Yes Tor is near the border of the moor, and the view shows cultivated country as well as swelling moors with their little flower-fringed watercourses. A particularly characteristic bit of moor is the Island of Rocks, in the valley of the West Okement. The Meldon Viaduct spans the gorge, and at the foot of the great hills where the stream laughs and tumbles along, one follows a winding way, passing one of the many abandoned mills of old Dartmoor, and the old water-wheel, presently coming out into a rugged glen of rocks, wild, lonely, and beautiful exceedingly—

“ Wild scene amid the heathy fells !  
Where rocks ascend, and torrent swells ;  
Wild scene, yet fair ! may song essay  
Your lovely grandeur to portray ;





*Ochampten Castle.*



Or from each fairy light and shade  
That sky and mountain there have made,  
A picture like to this unfold,  
To charm when we may not behold."

Not far away are the crags of Black Tor, and if the river be in spate, there is fine play of brown water among grey boulders. Close by is an ancient oak wood, one of the few survivals of olden time when Dartmoor forest, now only a name, was well wooded and plentifully stocked with game. The East Okement, if one follows its course through the valley of Belstone West Cleave, shows a delightful blend of soft sylvan and stern moorland beauty. The place where once stood the chapel has now only mounds of earth to show its site. Through Holstock Woods a pathway leads to a ford of stepping-stones; here the valley closes in and forms a cleave where every step along the way is a surprise. Cleave Tor, a great granite mass high up the slope, first arrests the eye; next Ashbury Tor crops up out of luxuriant foliage, and a succession of silvery cascades foaming along among the granite débris carried down the moor by storms of past ages, make a lovely picture among the foliage fringing the banks. Holstock Cleave opens another pretty vista, and every step shows some charm of granite-

#### 44 WHERE RIVERS ARE BORN

strewn valley and meandering river. Everybody who has read the moorland romances and legends, or heard the weird, strange stories of the moor, desires to see Cranmere Pool, the spongy morass of moss and bog vegetation where Nature conserves the snows and the rains, and doles them out again for the making of rivers. It is not easy to find, nor is the way thereto easy, but once found, it gives an idea of the vastness of Dartmoor, and the desolation and loneliness in the heart of it. Here, at a height of 1750 feet, rise the rivers Tavy, the East and West Okement, the Taw, the North Teign, and the two Darts. The Taw traverses some three or four miles of moorland, and then flowing past Sticklepath, a village just off the uplands of heather and gorse at the foot of Cosdon, enters the sea near Bideford. The Taw is a trout river *par excellence*, and Sticklepath is an ideal centre whence to visit the antiquities of Cosdon. Cosdon was one of the lofty moorland heights used for lighting the beacon fires of old days; it also was the spot from which started the "perambulators," whose office was the due inquiry of the "bounds and limits" of the forest of Dartmoor.

The village of Belstone is one of the very

quaint old hamlets of the moor. On the common is the stone circle called the "Nine Maidens," and said to be village maidens turned to stone for their sin in dancing on Sunday when they should have been at their prayers. Here and there one comes upon a fine old granite cross; a very good example may be seen in front of the little chapel at South Zeal. The Oxenham Arms, once the manor house of the Burgoynes, recalls the old superstition about the Oxenham family, whose mansion is still standing near here. It is said that whenever death is coming to an Oxenham a white bird most surely appears to some members of the family.

Of the wild stretch known as Dartmoor it is somewhat difficult to speak, for it seems to embrace in its scenery nearly all the characteristic features of Devonshire. No greater contrast than that exhibited by the heather-clad slopes of the uplands of Dartmoor, and the smiling meads and orchards which lie on its borders, can be imagined. It is, as we have already stated, the birthplace of the Devonshire rivers, and to this mainly the county owes its fertility, its verdure, and beauty. The "Forest of Dartmoor"—for so it is known to

history, despite the fact that it is almost destitute of trees—extends some twenty-three miles north and south, with an average breadth of eleven or twelve miles, and comprises within its area the most grand and sublime scenery, and a field wherein a great variety of tastes may be gratified. Here the seeker after Nature may find her in her wildest mood, here the antiquary and archæologist may indulge his particular bent to the uttermost, and here the lover of old-world manners and customs may find relics of primitive man and primitive habits.

## DARTMOOR.

“On the wild

Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,  
But hallowed by that instinct which reveres  
Things fraught with characters of olden years,  
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,  
Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a throne,  
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust  
With what they hide,—their shrined and treasured dust.  
Men traverse Alps and oceans to behold  
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with the mould;  
But still these nameless chronicles of death,  
'Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,  
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear  
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share  
The eternity of Nature, with the forms  
Of the crowned hills beyond the dwellings of the storms.”

FELICIA HEMANS.



*A bit of Turlmeor.*



Superstitions take long a-dying in Dartmoor, and the old folk-songs have lingered here longer than anywhere else in the country. Botanists will find many surprises on Dartmoor; geologists will find it necessary to revise their pet theories when they pay a visit to this volcanic region; while to the itinerant artist, Dartmoor, its hills and its rivers, is a happy hunting-ground.

It is also a land of sport, for its numerous streams are well stocked with fish, and to the huntsman there is no country equal to Dartmoor for a good spin amidst its gorse-clad hills. Although Dartmoor can scarcely be called mountainous, yet some of its hills rise to an elevation of over two thousand feet, and its mean elevation is about fourteen hundred feet. On the slopes of the moor and along the banks of its rivers are many pleasant towns, some of which we have already mentioned; others will be noted as we proceed. What is technically known as the "Forest of Dartmoor" is an appanage of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, exercises very important rights over the forest and the adjacent commons.

Returning now to the main line of the

Great Western Railway, we note, about eight miles from Plymouth, a little side station named Cornwood, in close proximity to which is an old farm-house named Fardel, one of the Devonshire homes of that gallant courtier and polished gentleman Sir Walter Raleigh. We are now in the midst of sylvan scenes, for there is not a more beautiful spot in all the county of Devon than Hawns and Dendles, through which the river Avon meanders like Tennyson's "Brook."

Similar scenery will be found at Ivybridge, about three miles farther up the line, where the little river Erme swirls along through a wondrously beautiful region, past village and moorland, past meadow and lea, lending its stream as it goes to the prosaic duty of working the Ivybridge paper-mill, and then, leaving the little village of Ermington *en route*, passes to its destiny, falling into the waters of the Channel at Mothecombe Bay.

Brent, or South Brent, is the junction for the Kingsbridge branch line, which passes through the delightful rural scenery of the South Hams, the champagne country of Devonshire, the line passing and repassing the lovely Avon more than a dozen times in as many miles.





*Thatchstone and Greenham Village*



## SOME KINGSBRIDGE WORTHIES 49

The charm of Brent is the magnificent panorama which can be witnessed from Brent Hill; but there are many charming spots and interesting villages on the way to Kingsbridge, the terminus of this short branch, of about a dozen miles. This is an old-world town, retaining many ancient buildings, with an old church which dates from the early years of the fifteenth century, the picturesque Shambles, and a good old-fashioned grammar school. The church is dedicated to St. Edmund, King and Martyr. Kingsbridge was the birthplace of the celebrated chemist William Cookworthy, the discoverer of Cornish china-clay, and the first in the west of England to make porcelain. He established a pottery at Plymouth, and his manufactures are now eagerly sought for by collectors of bric-à-brac and china.

Dr. Wolcot, better known as "Peter Pindar," a master of forceful satire of a rough and ready type, was also a native of Kingsbridge.

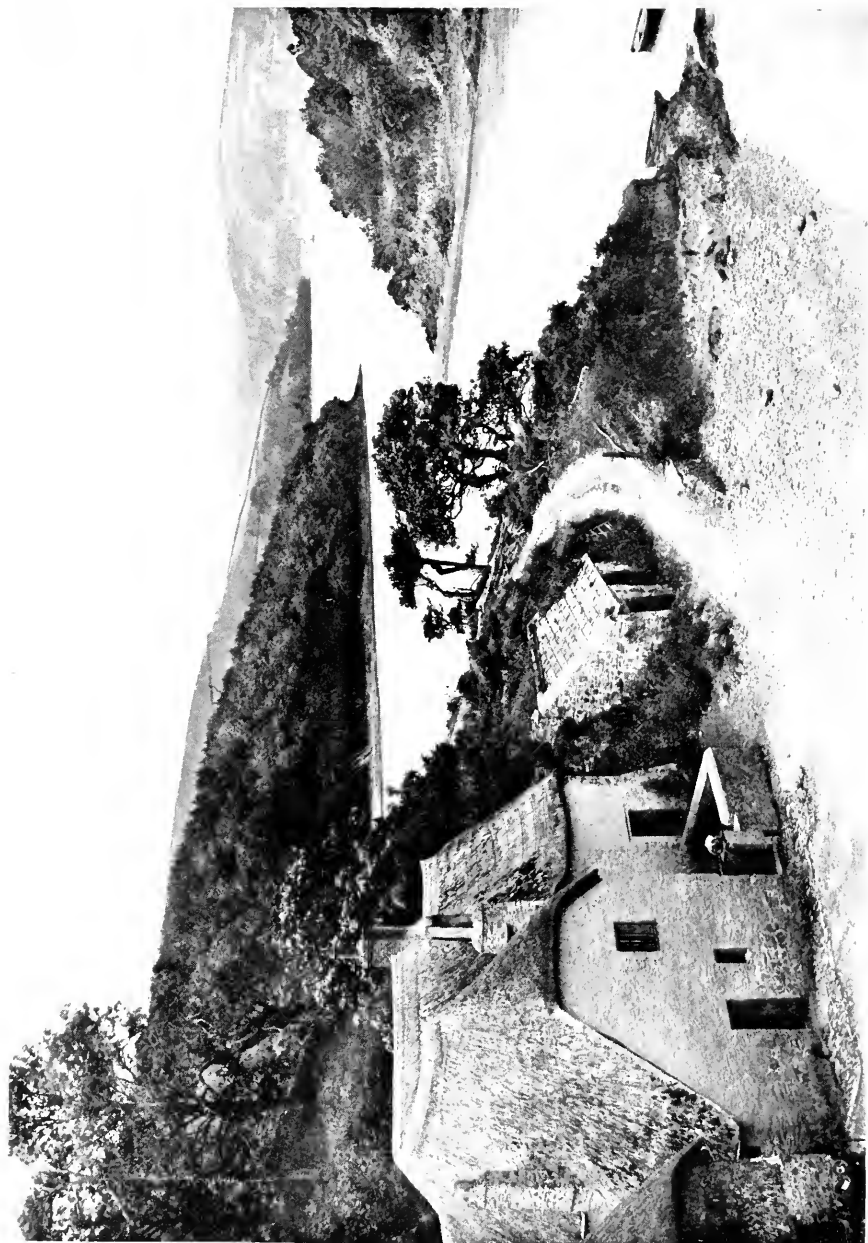
At Dodbrooke, which adjoins Kingsbridge, is a large church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. This place is also famous as being the first place where "white ale" was brewed, and it is still manufactured in this neighbourhood—made of malt, hops, eggs, and flour, and

fermented with an ingredient called "grouts." It is thought that this is really the old English ale, described as being a thicker drink than beer, and that the "white ale" of the South Hams is a survival in some form of the ale which in olden days was drunk all over the country.

Very beautiful is the coach drive from Kingsbridge to Dartmouth *via* Torcross and Slapton Sands, passing scenes of considerable interest. Slapton Sands stretch away in a continuous line for nearly three miles; and there is excellent fishing in Slapton Ley, a beautiful sheet of water about a mile and a half long, and about half a mile wide. There is an abundance of pike, perch, rudd, and splendid eels to be obtained, while the charges for boat, boatmen, and tackle are very moderate. Other delightful places in the neighbourhood are Bigbury Bay, with its picturesque coast-guard station at Bantham, and Thurlestone Sands, with its curious arched rock, known as Thurlestone Rock.

Salcombe may either be reached by sea or by steamer from Kingsbridge, the little vessels making the four mile run down the estuary several times daily, according to the state of





*Salt Lake Harbor, Salt Pond Creek.*

the tide, whilst for those who prefer it a coach offers a six mile drive from the railway station to the pretty coast town.

Salcombe is in the most southerly part of Devon, and is built upon the slopes of one of those picturesque irregular inlets of the sea so frequent upon these coasts. From the deck of the vessel which brings visitors from up or down channel, or from Kingsbridge, Salcombe looks at its very best perhaps. The houses, prettily built, rose-garlanded, and clematis-wreathed, rise in trim terraces above the blue line of water; the whole, seen on a clear day, when sunshine lights up the luxuriant vegetation, and throws into strong relief the magnificent pile of rocks guarding the mouth of the harbour, is really Continental of aspect.

James Anthony Froude, the historian, lived here during the later years of his life, wrote some of his more important works here, and died in the autumn of 1894 at the Woodcot, his beautiful home, looking out upon the harbour bar, and all the life, colour, and movement incidental to a thriving water-side town. Here Thomas Carlyle came to visit him; so did Tennyson, whose "Crossing the Bar" was written immediately after his last stay with

## 52 FROUDE'S LAST RESTING-PLACE

Froude. A monument of Aberdeen granite marks the spot in the high-lying God's acre, where all that is mortal of the historian now rests.

Salcombe, whether visited in winter or summer, is passing pleasant: it is fast becoming a health resort of wide repute, a place of rest and leisure, of which many strenuous brain-workers retain happy memories. It is land-locked and sheltered by steeply rising hills, the "combe" being open only to the south, whence sweep in the fresh winds from the sea, and those great waters of flood tide "too full for sob or moan," which, rolling in past Bolt Head, and being lashed to white foam by its rocky base, crowd on across the bar, and past the ruins of the old castle, Fort Charles, and on up the winding estuary to old-world Kingsbridge.

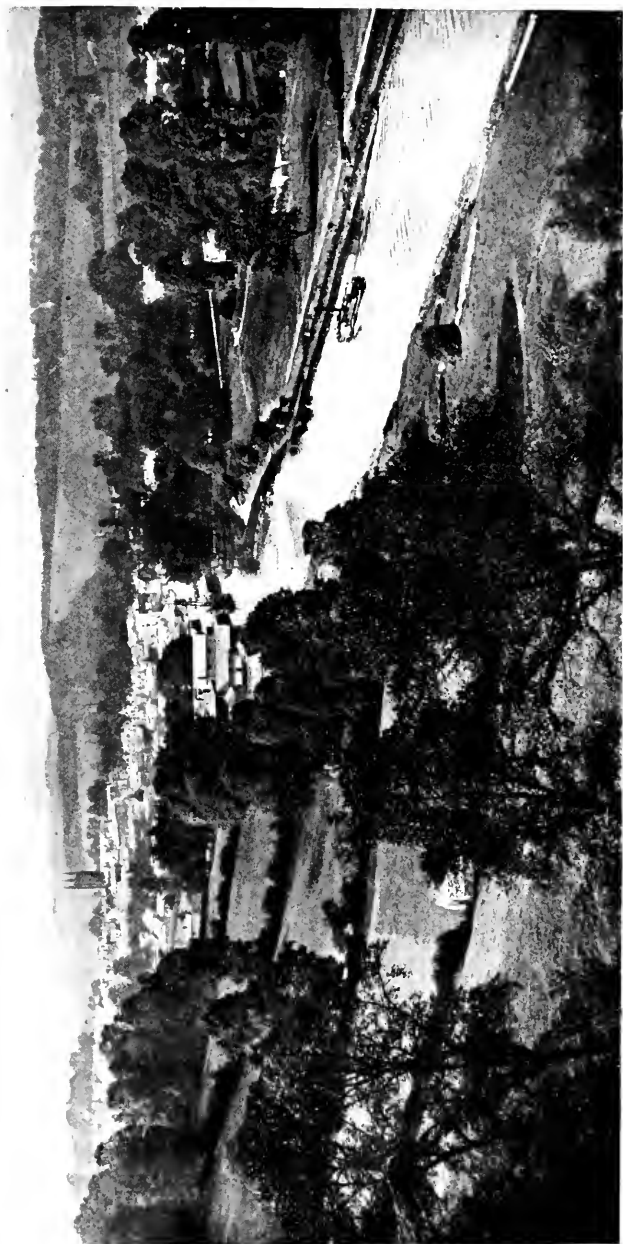
How mild is the climate may be guessed from the fact that orange, lemon, and citron trees grow out of doors, that exotics prosper, and fuchsias, late roses, and mignonette may be seen in cottage gardens in December.

The walk southward to Bolt Head is very fine, the sands on the Portlemouth side gleaming yellow in the sunlight. From Bolt Head,



the finest, boldest promontory upon the south coast-line, we see Prawle Point and Lloyd's signalling station, ten miles eastward. Another pleasant walk or drive is to Hope Cove, passing through the village of Malborough, and seeing much lovely country *en route*, before the villages of Outer and Inner Hope are reached, under the dominating headland of Bolt Tail. Here J. C. Hook painted his Royal Academy pictures "Seaside Ducks" and "Crabbers," the rugged fisherfolk of these hamlets making admirable models. All round this district the climate is most genial. Scarcely has the last rose died on its stem before a yellow crocus flames from the cottage enclosure, and an epoch-making clump of snowdrops hangs out its white bells as herald of coming spring. Across the downs from here to Thurlestone Sands and the Thurlestone Rock is a pleasant and interesting mile long ramble. From Portlemouth Ferry to Start Point is a six mile walk or drive, and a boating excursion to South Pool is amongst the agreeable happenings to be counted upon. One exploits one of the loveliest of creeks to find the picturesque village of South Pool, with a church of great antiquity and monuments of interest awaiting

one at the end of the brief three mile voyage. Visitors to Salcombe will find good accommodation at hotels and boarding-houses. There are lawn-tennis grounds and golf links, river and sea fishing, besides hunting with the South Pool Harriers and a good pack of otter hounds. Returning once more to the main line of the Great Western Railway we reach Totnes, an old-world town which is slowly altering as regards the character of its streets; for here, as elsewhere, the picturesque dwellings of a period long past are making way for commonplace, modern houses. This river-side town is still a place of great interest, however. The castle, now in ruins, was built in the time of the Conqueror, and was given by Henry VII. to Sir Richard Edgcumbe. Of distinguished natives of this ancient town, mention may be made of Dr. Benjamin Kennicott, a well-known Hebrew scholar, Rev. Edward Lye, archæologist, and Wills, the Australian explorer and the comrade of King and Burke. On a day of high summer, when the Dart goes rippling down past Totnes to join the sea at Dartmouth, it needs imagination to conjure up the moor-born river in its wrath. Dwellers in Dartside solitudes tell strange, true stories of



*Fishes and River Dart.*



sudden freshets pouring down from the hills and sweeping away men and cattle, and the old rhyme is as true now as ever—

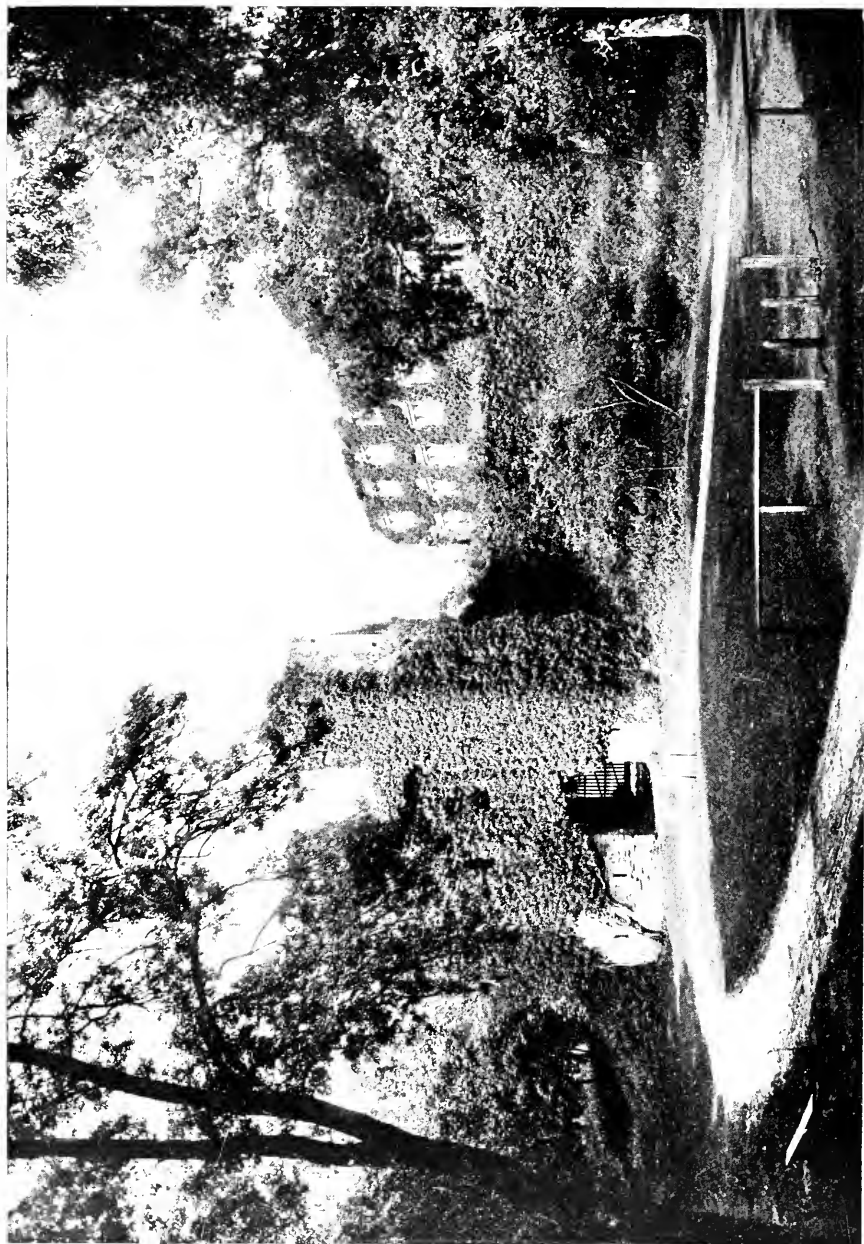
“River of Dart, oh! River of Dart,  
Every year thou claimest a heart,”

but looking down into the clear brown depths from the bridge at Totnes it is difficult to believe that the innocent-seeming river has so sinister a reputation. Here it meets with the salt floods which sweep up the estuary from Dartmouth, and those who go down to the sea in the little pleasure steamers which negotiate the last few miles of the classic waterway must needs admit that the scenery is exquisite. “England’s Gazetteer,” dated 1777, thus quaintly describes the Totnes of that day: “Here are more gentlemen than tradesmen of note. Here is plenty of all provisions, particularly good fish and delicate trouts. A man will sometimes take up thirty salmon at once, from seventeen to twenty inches long, for which they ask but twopence apiece. They catch salmon peel here with a spaniel trained up for the purpose, which drives them into a shore net.” Across the bridge lies Bridge-town, a good suburb of the quaint little hilly

town of Totnes. The parish church of Totnes contains one of the finest carved stone screens in the county, erected in 1459-60; the tower is a noble structure. The Guildhall is unique; it formerly formed part of the old Priory of St. Mary, and was granted to the Corporation by Henry VI. Many curious and interesting relics are preserved in the old Guildhall, including some very early documents relating to the town and its Guild merchants. The Roll of Mayors is complete from 1377 down to the present day. In the High Street are many quaint old houses, including a fine Gate House, which spans the street and forms quite a picturesque feature in the views of Totnes.

The old vicarage of Berry Pomeroy, where Prince wrote his immortal "Worthies of Devon," lies not far from Totnes, and the venerable red church has its memorial to him. The little village, shaded by big trees, is justly proud of the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, the finest ruin in all the west countree. Embosomed in woods, which may have first burgeoned and trembled into green when the old walls were a-building, the castle ruins are all that remain of the splendid place which was the home of the Pomeroyes for five hun-





*Berry Remyer Castle.*



dred years. William the Norman gave the manor, and Ralph de Pomerai built and fortified the place. The Pomeroyes lived regally here, proud princes of the soil, whom nobody dreamed of crossing or questioning. Among old tales of other days is one relating to a certain intrepid Pomeroy, who, towards the end of a lengthy siege, found that his castle must fall to the enemy. Putting on all his armour, he mounted his favourite horse, and blowing his bugle, crashed down the precipice and was crushed to death upon the rocks below. The Seymour family have held the property since 1549, when the last of the Pomeroyes to occupy the castle was implicated in the rebellion of that year, and Berry Pomeroy was granted to Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset. Old-world records written by Prince tell us that "the apartments within were very splendid, especially the dining-room, and many of the other rooms were adorned with marble and fretwork; some of the marble clavils were so fine that they would reflect an object from a great distance, notwithstanding which it is now demolished, and all this glory lyeth in the dust."

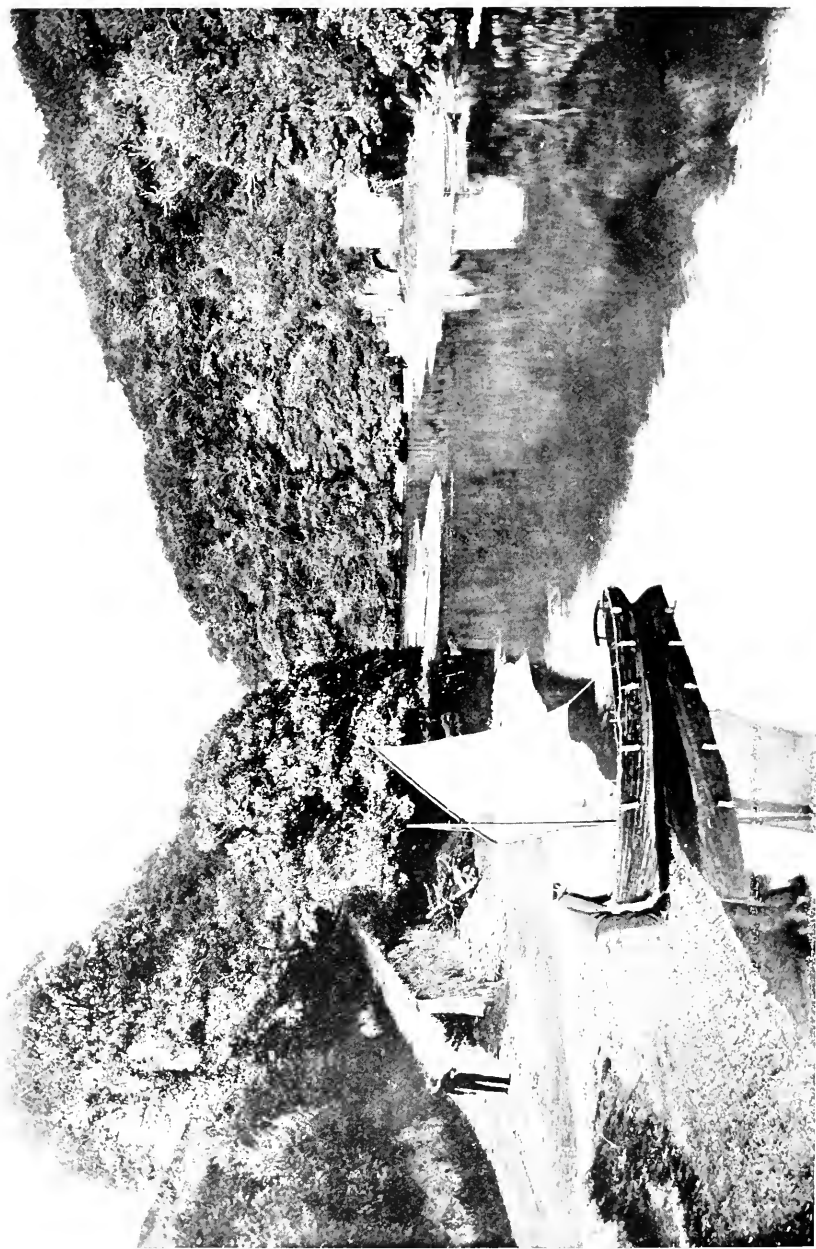
Dartington Hall, another ancient mansion, is  
(D.)

H

also close to Totnes, and is well worth a visit. It is a partial ruin, and the property of the Champernownes, having come into possession of that family in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The mansion and demesne had been originally given by the Conqueror to William de Falaise; it then came to the Martyns; eventually, in 1446, to John Holland, Duke of Exeter. The grounds, which are extensive and beautifully laid out, slope down to the margin of the Dart.

We will now follow the windings of the river Dart. As it passes with ripple and flash beneath the stone archways of Staverton bridge and shows us its power as it goes on by boulder and bank, we are reminded that a few years ago one of the dwellers by Dart was crossing a ford not far away, with his wife, in a market cart. They were well away from the bank when they saw a freshet caused by a sudden heavy shower up among the hills. The farmer turned his horse and tried to get back to the road, but the volume of water was resistless, and swept them away. On through exquisite country, with the murmur of the Dart never far away, and soon we are in the old town of Ashburton, with the great





*Old Mill Creek*

hills rising steeply about it; Buckland Tor standing out clearly in a world of loveliness difficult to equal; sunny rounded hills and valleys of deep velvety shadows; deep woodlands where the green twilight is pierced by shafts of yellow sunshine; ravines traversed by torrents; moss-grown boulders; and rustic rose-grown cot; and then Buckland-in-the-Moor, with its venerable little church set on a hill. Farther on, always through scenery rich in sudden changes, lies Widdecombe. Who has not heard the classic ballad of "Widdecombe Fair," which relates at length the adventures of "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh, and all," with Tam Pearse's grey mare?

Well, there are many wonderful stories connected with Widdecombe, notably that of the great storm of 1638, when the people of the hamlet were assembled for afternoon service, and a great and terrible thunderstorm broke over the church, which was filled with fire and smoke and a loathly odour of brimstone. From sire to son for generations the tale of the storm which rent the church, cast down big beams, and killed some of the parishioners, was handed

down with awed whispers as to the Satanic author of the mischief.

Buckfastleigh, a Dartside town, is the centre of some typically beautiful Devonshire scenery, wild and romantic to a degree, with ranges of hills, fold after fold, quaint old homesteads, woodlands, and silver streams hasting down through exquisite verdure to join the Dart. There are prosperous serge factories, keeping up the old-time traditions of Devonshire, when the manufacture of woollens was one of the staple industries of the district. Cider making is also carried on in and around Buckfastleigh. The Abbey of Buckfast, founded before the Norman Conquest, and enlarged by Ethelward, a son of William de Pomeroy, in 1137, has now been to a large extent rebuilt on the old foundations, and is again a house of residence for the Cistercian brotherhood: thus does time work its curious compensations.

About two miles from Buckfastleigh station is Dean Prior, for ever associated with Robert Herrick, the poet, who was its vicar in the seventeenth century. There is no stone to mark his resting-place, but somewhere in that quiet churchyard the bones lie mouldering of him whose sweet poems and exquisite lyrics have

charmed so many generations. "Is there no magic wand of the mind that may dip, as the water-finder's hazel, when a live mortal walks here among the primroses above the dust of an immortal? Cannot my heart pulse quicker, or the thrush sing sweeter, or the little violet yield a sweeter fragrance above Robin Herrick's grave?" (Eden Phillpotts in "My Devon Year"). Dean Burn, a romantic gorge with waterfalls and a haunted pool, is within easy reach of Buckfastleigh. The Dart flows rapidly down through the deep gorge where Holne Chase and Buckland Drives on either hand seem to keep watch and ward, century by century, over the tragedies and comedies of petty humanity, petty beside the vastness and sublimity of Nature as she appears in these her fastnesses.

The Dart is only navigable by steamer below Totnes. There was a time when the merchants of the old town had their own ships of commerce sailing into the little port and unlading their merchandise at the quays. All that is changed with the flight of the years, and only smaller craft adventure up and down the waterway—down past the Sharpham Woods, on among creeks and gullies which are the joy

and despair of the artist; still down, past Stoke Gabriel and Dittisham, getting peeps at little villages dotted among the hills and the woodland glades. Sandridge, the birthplace of John Davis, one of the first of Arctic explorers, is passed; then Greenaway, the home of Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, most brave and gallant of west-country worthies.

The Dart is indeed a waterway of uncommon beauty from source to sea, a river of noble memories; Dartmouth, its bourne, with its splendid survivals of the golden age of fair Devon, accords well with one's sense of the fitness of things. Dartmouth, too, is a place of memories; the Breton corsairs had a taste of the mettle of the people of Dartmouth in a notable encounter, when the enemy came hoping to take the town, and found a little band of six hundred men entrenched, and flanked by the matrons and maids of the place, each armed, like David of old, with a sling, and it so fell out that the Bretons, gallant knights and fierce men-at-arms, went down by dozens, leaving many dead, and some few captive; but coming back for reprisal later, they found the town unprepared for battle, and burnt it, as was the amiable custom of their





*Dartmouth.*



time. Dartmouth was never slow to give evidence of its prowess, and ancient annals and State Calendars alike are eloquent of the lusty life and the dare-devil courage of the men of Dartmouth in the brave days of old. All this we may ponder as we stand within the precincts of the castle and watch the white-sailed yachts skimming the blue waters, or some majestic ocean-bound liner slowly leaving port. Time was when the harbour, landlocked, and walled in by the hills, was protected, like so many of the seaboard towns of the west coast, by a stout chain stretching from here to the opposite tower at Kingswear. The old Church of St. Petrox is laved by the tide, and is a feature of the beautiful little haven; St. Saviour's, consecrated in 1372, has a splendidly carved screen and pulpit, and a fine painting of "Christ raising the Widow's Son." In the "Butterwalk" are some half-dozen houses whose upper storeys project and form a piazza, supported upon richly-carved pillars. This little bit of Dartmouth reminds one of the "Rows" of Chester, and the only other instance we know of in Devon is at Totnes. In a room in one of these old Dartmouth mansions, panelled and decorated with dark

oak, whereon are carved the Royal arms, Charles the Second held his court when he made his royal progress through the west after the Restoration. The Dart, in those broad reaches above the harbour, forms a superb natural haven, and many cadets of our Royal and noble families, who have chosen the sea as their profession, learned the rudiments of seamanship in the old *Britannia*, now replaced by the palatial Naval College which has been raised on the shore hard by. Communication is carried on with the eastern side of the harbour by means of a steam ferry, the property of the Great Western Railway Company, whose terminal station of the Torquay and Dartmouth branch is at Kingswear. This village occupies a very striking and commanding position, many of the private houses being situated on the slope of the hill, facing south, and with their white walls, terraced gardens, and stately trees, present a very pretty picture. The view of the mouth of the river and Start Bay is particularly striking.

Kingswear has its historical associations as well as Dartmouth; for from the castle, now in ruins, it is more than probable that the departure of Richard for the third Crusade



*Dartmouth Castle.*







*River Dart at Littleham.*



was witnessed, whilst two centuries later thirty ships and a full complement of men left to take part in the battle of Sluys, thus earning for Dartmouth a charter and coat-of-arms from Edward III. From this point also Cromwell's Ironsides drove the Royalists out of Dartmouth. "Gomerock" Woods are supposed to have obtained their name from the Parliamentary troops, as a corruption of "God my Rock."

Brixham is a name which inevitably stirs the imagination of all lovers of the picturesque, all to whom the original and the unusual appeal. Its stalwarts, who go down to the sea in ships and worship at their parish church with such unaffected piety when ashore, the women who help to mend the nets, who knit their men-folks jerseys and hose, and rear the generations who are to people old Brixham after them, form a community worth studying. A whole world of memories clings round this quaint old township. In very early days the manor belonged to the Nonants; then the great west-country houses of Valletort, Pomeroy, Corbet, Bonville, and Grey held it. In the old lawless days pirates and privateers of many nationalities cast anchor here to await the

shipping coming and going upon the water-way of the broad sea. Drake, the hero of every schoolboy along the coast, brought in the great Spanish galleon the *Capitana* to Brixham, and left her there in charge of the Brixham fishermen, only waiting to secure the precious powder which lay in her hold, and send it by swift sailing vessels which then, as now, had such a reputation for speed. Then there were stirring times in the bay when Devon and Cornwall were more or less constantly warring with Brittany; and it will be remembered that the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., here first placed his foot on English soil: a memorial of that event stands on Brixham quay, for all men to see, in the shape of a life-size figure of the little Dutchman. The fallen Emperor Napoleon must have looked across the blue waters to the red sandstone cliffs off the coast many and many a time, for the *Bellerophon* cast anchor here and remained for several days before setting sail for St. Helena. Go where you may along the narrow ways of old Brixham you will unconsciously be absorbing local colour, and if you are gregarious and inclined to gossip with the older generation, which sits in the sun and





*Brixham.*

smokes, and tells tales of the days of its youth and the youth of its fathers, you will admit that the time has not been ill-spent. Narrow, winding streets, with brief flights of stone stairs by which we drop to lower levels or ascend as the case may be; quays rich in pictorial effect, with odours, not of Araby, but of the sea and of fish; a little haven where red-sailed trawlers wait the turn of the tide, with perhaps a group of fisherfolk singing—for Brixham gallants have as good a name for sweet singing as for swift sailing—these are the sights and sounds that greet one as we visit this quaint old seaport. Moreover, there are wonderful caves to be explored which rival in extent and interest the far-famed Kent's Cavern at Torquay.

As a health resort the town is steadily but surely rising into prominence amongst seaside centres, having a climate remarkable for its equability and salubriousness, the air being mild, bracing, and invigorating; while as for scenery, the view from the bold rocky promontory of Berry Head is one of the finest on our shores. On a clear day the coast-line can be distinctly traced to Portland, and looking landward from its lofty height the rich and verdant freshness of Nature

## 68 PAIGNTON, ANCIENT AND MODERN

unfolds itself in charming luxuriance. Berry Head House, the residence of the late Rev. H. F. Lyte, author of "Abide with Me," is near by. Tradition points to this spot as the place where Vespasian and Titus landed; but for this we decline to vouch.

Not far from Brixham, and almost close to Churston Station, are the golf links of the Churston Club, a fine eighteen-hole course, beautifully situated, commanding extensive views of Torbay and the surrounding country.

Paignton is a pretty little coast town of rapid growth and increasing popularity. It lies in the curve of Torbay, and is surrounded by great hills, which make an environment ideal in its picturesqueness. Modern folk are too busy to care for the history of our towns and villages, be they never so full of interest. Life is too full, events move too rapidly, to allow of dwelling upon long-past days, else could one tell at length how the manor of Peinton was bestowed upon Hugh, second Earl of Devon, by Edward II. in 1303; how it belonged to the See of Exeter before the coming of the Conqueror; how the bishops lived in the old palace from time to time until Bishop Veysey made it over to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Miles

Coverdale, the spiritual head of the diocese from 1550 to 1553, was the last bishop to occupy the Paignton episcopal palace, the ruins of which may still be seen near the parish church. There are traces of Roman occupation here and there, and many quaint bits of legendary lore may be casually picked up by the sojourner of anti-quarian bent.

The parish church is an ancient fane, built of the local red sandstone, and the Kirkham Chantry screen is interesting and beautiful, somewhat mutilated though it be. There are remains of Norman and Early English incorporated with the Perpendicular building, and the registers date from 1559. One reason for the success of Paignton as a watering-place is the great stretch of sea front, more than a mile of smooth level sands, and a promenade where flowers bloom luxuriantly and make an almost un-English note of colour all through the height of the season. The bathing facilities are another powerful factor, for besides the usual "machine" there are bathing-tents innumerable, for the bather enjoys here an immunity from rock ridges and under-currents, and the white sands shelve so gradually that there is absolute safety. The Queen's Park is the home of sport, and here one sees archery

and croquet, cricket, bowls, and kindred games enjoyed with a zest which becomes contagious. Golfers go to the links at Churston, already mentioned.

Paignton has its Pier Pavilion, besides landing stages for the fleet little boats which flit across the blue waters between Torquay, Brixham, and Paignton. There are pretty gardens with tree-shaded nooks and well-kept flower beds up in the heart of the town; it is indeed a place very rich in open spaces. For excursions there is the walk to Galmpton Warboro' by way of the Goodrington Sands, or into the Brixham and Kingswear Road.

Then there is Compton Castle, the old baronial home of the Comptons till it passed into the hands of the Gilberts in the reign of Edward the Second. Out beyond the town, stretching inland, is a tract of pleasant country; along the coast, fringed with rocks of warm red sandstone, and broken by many a soft curve and inlet, are walks of surpassing charm, where one might well believe that Nature was all beautiful, and that earth possessed no unlovely spots or sordid surroundings. Away, across the beautiful bay, may be seen the villa residences of Torquay, the





*Napton.*



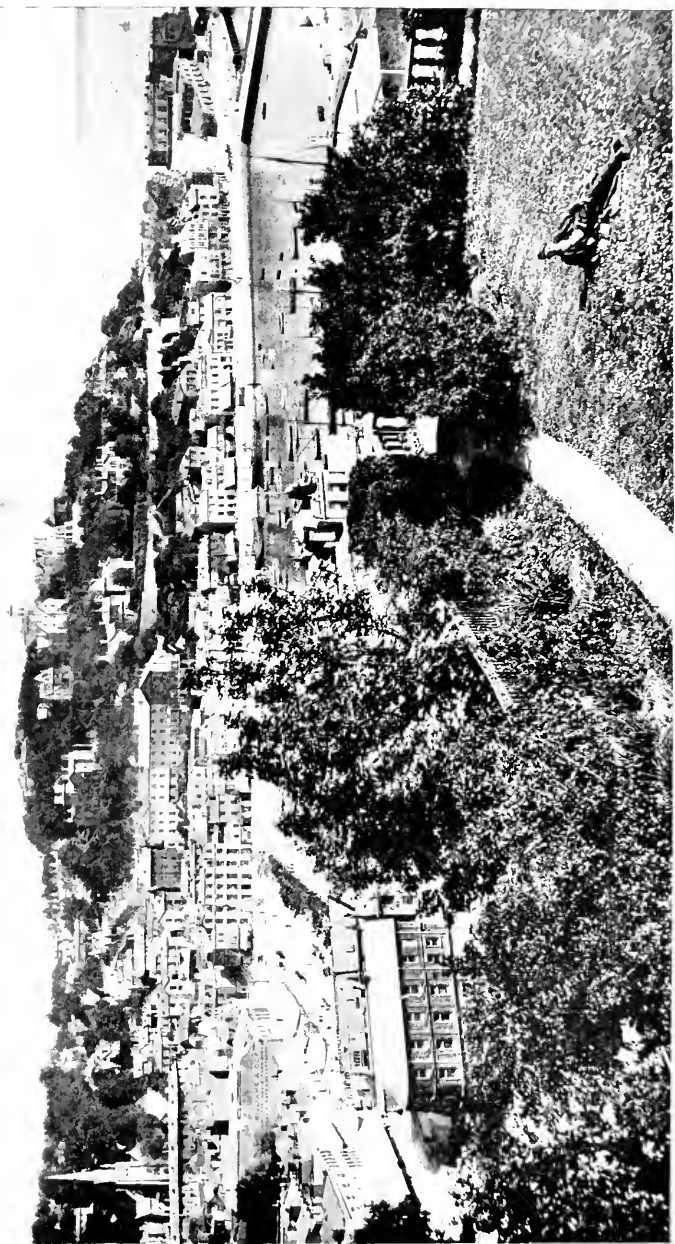
Queen of Watering-Places, as her people delight to call her.

In fact, of all the towns situated in Torbay the beautiful, Torquay is by common consent the Queen. A century ago it was a small harbour with a few houses displaying the legends "Lodgings," "Apartments," and a few fishermen's cottages. Now, having long ago absorbed the ancient villages of Upton and Tor, it is stretching away countrywards. Cockington, with its exquisite lanes, and St. Marychurch and Babbacombe, are all part and parcel of the same big prosperous town. It is a town of hills, which shelter the houses and terraced walks from harsh winds, and make of it an ideal winter city—the Warren and Waldon Hills, the Vane and Park Hills, the Braddons and the Warberries, and the Lincombes. During the French wars, from 1792 to 1815, Torquay was often the temporary headquarters of the fleet, and the wives and families of the officers naturally came in numbers, and were entertained right royally by the Mallocks at Cockington Court, and by the Carys at Tor Abbey. This, perhaps, gave the first impetus to the place as a health resort. Of late years it has grown to great importance, and wealthy invalids

flock here to enjoy the climate and the bright and varied scenery. The blue waters of the bay fringed with white foam as they touch the shore, the ruddy rocks, and the wealth of verdure and flowers, all make of Torquay an adorable place in which to enjoy a *dolce far niente* existence.

Among the chief attractions of Torquay is Kent's Cavern, which is considered to be one of the most celebrated caves in the world, owing not so much to its size as to the very thorough way in which investigation has been conducted. In the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* will be found a number of learned dissertations upon this most interesting relic of a long-past age.

Babbacombe, Watcombe, and all the other combes which appertain to the Torquay district, seem at once to suggest to the mind something peaceful and restful, quiet nooks by the sea, and this is what one can enjoy to the full in this lovely neighbourhood. But at St. Mary-church we come in touch with two of the principal industries of Torquay—the Terra-cotta Manufactory at Watcombe, and Blackler's Marble Works. Visitors invariably purchase some specimens of the former, and pause to



*Torquay*







*Natural Arch.*



admire the latter. The pride of the suburban village of Cockington is its fine old church and its lovely lanes, not to mention the quaint blacksmith's shop. Torquay is a capital centre for marine excursions, and well-appointed steamers are continually plying to and fro across the bay, or to Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton on the opposite shore, and sometimes farther afield to Plymouth or Weymouth. The bay, too, is an admirable yachting centre, and here on many occasions throughout the summer months are assembled some of the finest yachts in the kingdom. Altogether Torquay is a delightful place, an admirable health resort, and a perfect combination of town and country.

On our way to Newton Abbot we pass several picturesque villages, viz. Kingskerswell, Abbotskerswell, and Coffinswell (the three wells), and the Aller Vale Potteries at the first-named place. The village industries which flourish in the vicinity are all of interest and no little charm to the student of busy life in rural England. Kingskerswell has a grey old church, and wears a general air of having been left behind by the great centres of population. But this feeling is entirely changed when we approach the busy, bustling junction of Newton

Abbot, for there work and strenuous life are again in the ascendant. Newton is the west-country Swindon, for there the G.W.R. build, repair, and refit engines and rolling-stock generally. Moreover, it is the junction for several lines of railway, including the trunk line from Paddington to the west. Consequently, Newton Abbot station is constantly in commotion with the frequent passing of trains and the clang of hammers and clash of moving traffic. But the town itself is far removed from this din, and visitors will find it a most delightful place to stay at, for it possesses everything up to date, and is in the centre of a most lovely district.

By the Moreton Hampstead line we reach the fringe of the moor, and the Teign Valley line carries one along through much beautiful country past Trusham and Chudleigh to Ashton; so that the sojourner at Newton is within easy distance of moorland and river scenery, as well as of the manifold beauties of the southern coast-line. Teignmouth and Shaldon can be very easily reached by boat from Newton, and the cycle or a coach speedily brings one into some of the finest scenery upon Dartmoor; lonely tor-crowned hills, their rugged slopes strewn with great granite boulders. These are tossed hither and





*Anstey's Cove,*

thither in seeming confusion, as though the giants had been at play in an earlier age, and growing tired had gone away without tidying up.

Here and there one comes upon traces of prehistoric man, and is reminded of races and strange tribes of whose speech, manners, and religion we have no record. The hut circles and stone avenues, "castles" and clapper bridges, are older than archæology itself. The river scenery, with its deep gorges strewn with granite débris brought down from Dartmoor by great winter floods, from melting snows and torrential rains, merits a small volume to itself. To the geologist, the lacustrine deposits of the Miocene age in the neighbourhood of Bovey Tracey, the Haldon Hills, and the rock caves will supply a field for interesting research.

In the old Elizabethan mansion, Forde House, close to Newton Abbot, William, Prince of Orange, was entertained shortly after his landing at Brixham, until he commenced his march to Exeter on the 8th November 1688. Just below St. Leonard's Tower (the tower without a church, in the centre of the main street of Newton) stands a stone, the remains of the old market cross, from which, according to the

inscription upon it, was read the first Proclamation of the Prince of Orange in England. In the course of a walk over Milber Down can be seen an ancient camp, whether of the British or Roman period authorities seem unable to agree. Haccombe Church, with its monuments to members of the Courtenays and Carews, is worthy of attention. The door is decorated with a pair of horse-shoes, a memorial, according to tradition, of a wager 'twixt a Carew and a Champernowne in the old days. The stake was a fair Devonshire manor, and was won by Carew, who swam his horse well out to sea and ashore again in safety, saving the life of the less fortunate Champernowne.

Bovey Tracey, about six miles from Newton, is one of the most interesting of the smaller Devonshire towns, the centre of many interests, and the temporary headquarters of many of the tourists who *do* their Dartmoor thoroughly. Exquisite scenery awaits the traveller in every direction, and it is one of the excitements of the townsfolk to watch the coaches start from the famous hostelry; the visitors drawn together from all points of the compass, exhilarated by the fine air and the anticipation of a long ride behind the four splendid horses,

are more numerous year by year. In January 1646 Cromwell, in the course of his march westwards, surprised and defeated the Royalist force of Lord Wentworth. The Tracys, Barons of Barnstaple, were lords here for generations; and the church, a fine, spacious old fane, is dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and was built, if local lore is to be credited, by William de Tracy, in expiation of the murder of Thomas à Becket. There is an ancient west-country saying that—

“All the de Traceys  
Have the wind in their faces.”

This, of course, refers to the proverbial ill-fortune of the once great and powerful family. The stone pulpit of the Church of St. Thomas is very good, and the raised figures of evangelists and saints are in harmony with the work of the famous old screen, the panels of which are filled with figures of apostles and prophets. Bovey House of Mercy is in connection with the well-known sisterhood at Clèwer. The bustling little town possesses no less than three ancient crosses: one is to be seen outside the town hall; another, replaced by the late Earl of Devon, is at St. Thomas's;

and the third, built against the wall of the lane leading to Lustleigh, was very possibly one of those set up by the pious monks of long-past days to mark the boundaries of the various bartons or manors. It is an inscribed shaft, upon rough primitive steps.

The potteries, where china of the coarser kind is made, interest many comers; so do the china-clay deposits, which are excellent commercial assets, and are exported very largely abroad and to the home potteries in Staffordshire. The lignite bed, with its survivals of leaves and cones from an old-world forest, attracts every geologist who comes this way. The Church of St. John, built by the Earl of Devon, popularly called "the good Earl," is an exquisite little modern building with a reredos by Sir Gilbert Scott. There are regular coaching trips from Bovey three times weekly; and Hey Tor, Holne Chase, the beautiful Buckland Drives, the valley of the Dart, the villages of Widdecombe and Buckland-in-the-Moor, are all to be visited by the regular service of coaches, which pass through many a little wayside hamlet and cross many a bit of heathery moorland whence splendid views are to be obtained. Hill after hill, peaked,





*Cockington Lane.*



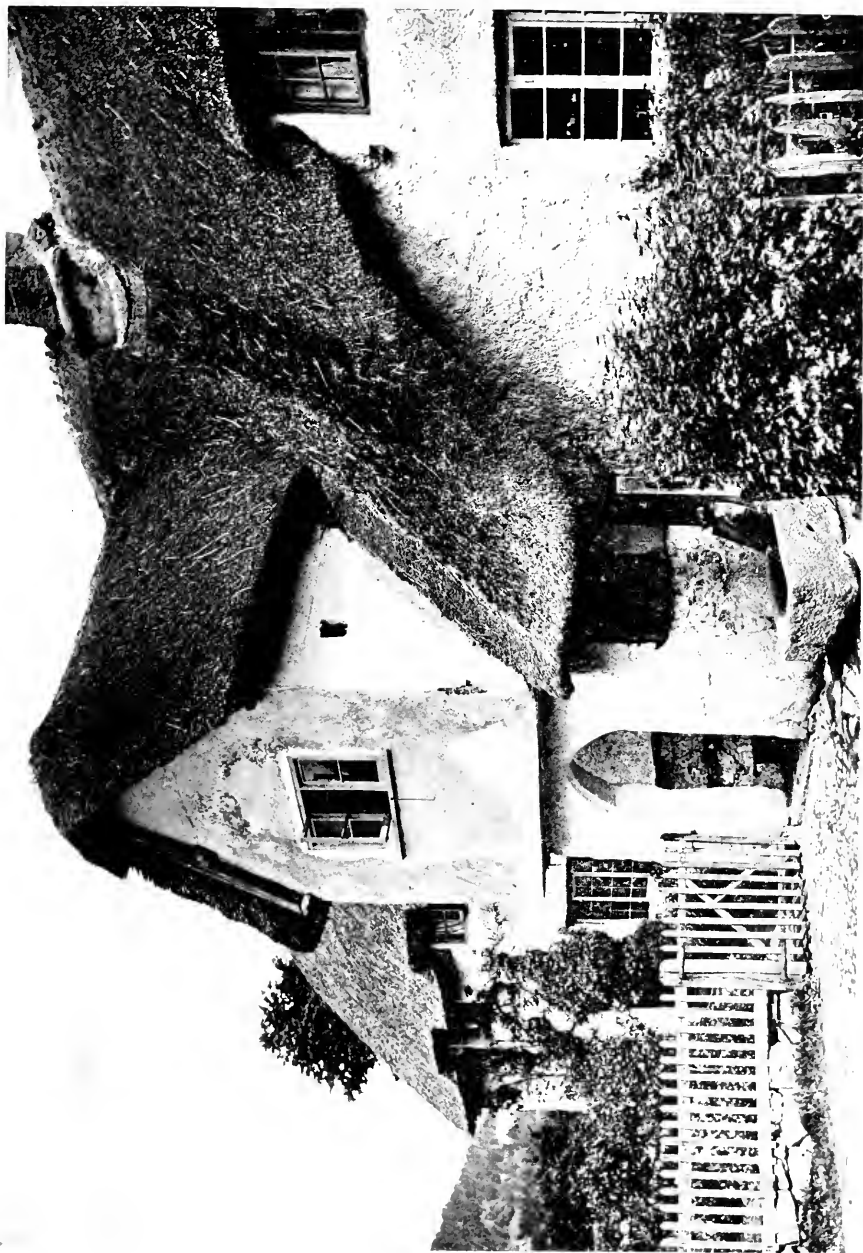
rounded, "humpshouldered," each crowned with its tors clear-cut against the sky; little fertile valleys, with their dashing moorland streams, and their belts of green wood, all making up an exquisite picture, in which groups of shy moor ponies, small droves of shaggy moorland sheep, the fishermen angling in the swift little rivers, and the rare moorsman going to or coming from his daily toil, mingle and blend.

Hey Tor lies about three miles from Bovey, and is a spot beloved of tourists, partly for its panorama of hill and vale, flat, dun-coloured tableland, and silver streams, and partly for its breeziness, its height, and its remoteness. From this altitude we look down upon quaint old Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, and the woods of Buckland and Holne traversed by the silver Dart. We can sight Cawsand Beacon and Yes Tor, Ugborough Beacon, Three Barrow Tor, and Brent Beacon, Hunter Tor and Hound Tor, the great granite boulders which crest Hey Tor itself making a pleasant resting-place and pleasant shadow upon a hot day.

There are enthusiasts who declare Lustleigh to be the most beautifully situated village in Devonshire: naturally there are dissentients; the natives of other charmingly situated places are

prepared to uphold the beauties of their own birth-places against all heresies, no matter by whom advanced. Certain it is, however, that Lustleigh is one of the most lovable of places. Its church is placed upon the side of one of the deepest combes of the land of "Down-a-long"; the houses are dotted in irregular fashion along the steep slopes which shut in the valley; a limpid stream goes merrily down the vale, winding in and out among the varied foliage, and the abrupt transitions which go to make up the general charm of the village. Here is soft sylvan beauty, there upon the high-lying ground are great lichen-grown boulders, bits of copse, the gay colouring of the gardens belonging to white-washed cottages, green crofts, and—the sight *par excellence* of Lustleigh—the Cleave. From a contemplation of the church and its old-time effigy of Sir William Prouz, and those two later effigies of a knight and a lady said to be those of Sir John Dynham and Emma his wife, we pass by a steep bit of road to the Cleave, a bold ridge, a wilderness of granite—

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world;  
And mountains that like giants stand  
To sentinel enchanted land."



*Adonshire Cottage.*



From the path which traverses the Cleave the views are glorious. In the foreground strange hurly-burly of rock forms, grotesque or majestic, and away in the blue distance the great hills and the smiling valleys, where little rivers flash in the sunlight, and church towers peep out against a varied background of moorland and scattered hamlet. The dell, through which flows the Bovey, is a study in scenic beauty, and should be explored at leisure.

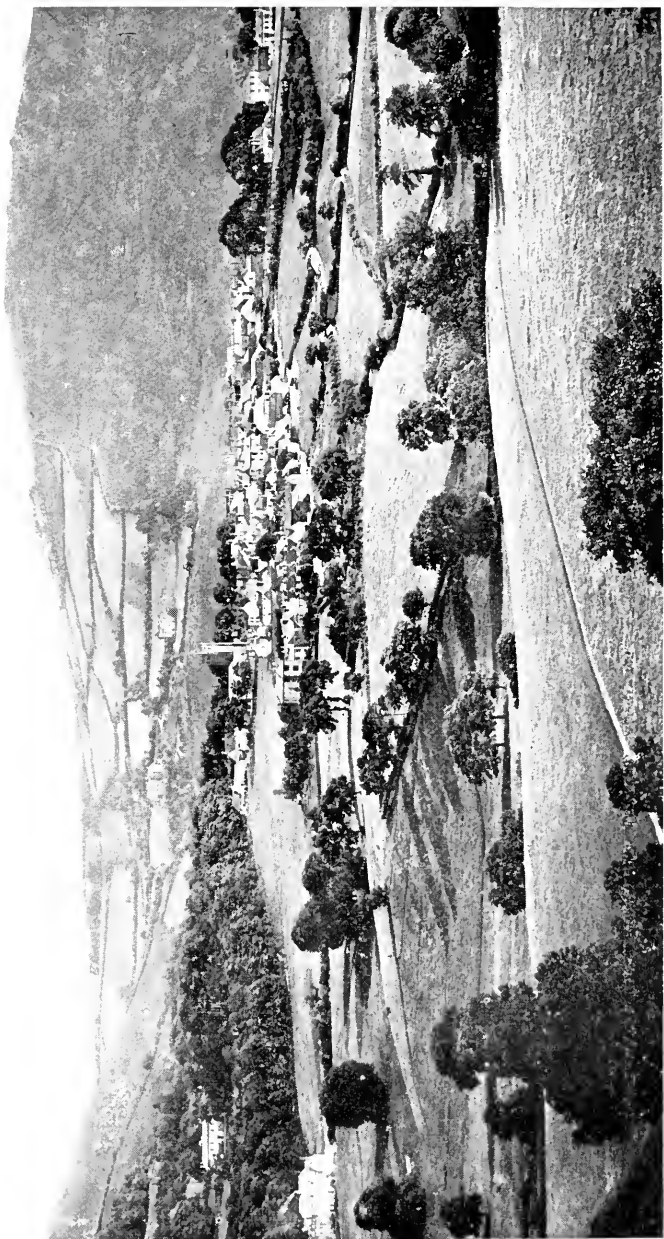
The green winding way which runs among the gorse and tall bracken, along the valley, leads to Manaton. It is a longish walk (four miles), and the boulder-strewn way of the Cleave is a somewhat rough one, only to be attempted by pedestrians who have graduated in similar country. Lazy folk who drive from Bovey or Moreton miss a whole world of delicate detail—fern, lichen, rare wayside flowers, little tumbling watercourses, and the like. Manaton itself is an ideally pretty village, the houses and bright little gardens grouped mainly round the village green. The grey old fane where generations of sturdy villagers have worshipped, where generations lie resting under the shadow of its walls, has a screen which is exceedingly well carved, and still keeps a great deal of its

original beauty and colouring. The typical moorland crest of Manaton Tor makes a fine feature in the landscape, and upon the side of another hill which appears very near in the clear strong light, but is really nearly a mile away, is the great pile of granite rocks nearly forty feet in height, called Bowerman's Nose. It is strangely like a human figure in outline, and many have supposed it to be a rock idol of the lost and forgotten people whose home Dartmoor was before the dawn of history.

"Twelve miles from everywhere" (that is, about equal distance from Exeter, Newton Abbot, Ashburton, Okehampton, and Princetown) is the pleasant little town of Moreton Hampstead, possessing much in its neighbourhood that is more than ordinarily attractive. Like all the border towns of Dartmoor, it has a peaceful, old-fashioned air about it, but at the same time it is by no means without the usual resources of a modern, up-to-date town. Its bracing air and delightful scenery, combined with its accessibility, have gained for it a place amongst the best health resorts of Devon. The quaint houses, placed around a large green, on which grow a number of noble oaks, the church, with its embattled tower, and the ancient village cross, make up a picture truly English







*Chagford.*

in all its features. Near the church, in the main street of the little town, stood the Cross Tree, which, as readers of Mr. Blackmore's "Christowell" will remember, once served the purpose of a ballroom. It is now no more, old age and decay having necessitated its removal. At the north-west angle of the parish, overlooking the valley of the Teign, is an ancient entrenchment, known as Cranbrook Castle, of very considerable extent. The views from this hill are extensive and beautiful, and on the opposite side of the river are the cromlech, logan stone, and other remains more closely associated with Drewsteignton.

Chagford is a delightful old-world town upon the eastern side of Dartmoor, and is reached by coach from Moreton Hampstead in connection with the G.W.R., and by the L. & S.W. R. motor from Exeter. The coaches, which run to Fingle Bridge from Okehampton, also take Chagford upon the return journey. It is situated upon the river Teign, and is a haunt of artists and of fishermen. Countless exquisite "bits" reward the artist and photographer, whilst "casting a fly" in the waters of the delectable country which surrounds Chagford is to gather a store of experiences and impressions of these upper

reaches of the river which will linger long in the memory. It is a good centre for all-round sport: Fox and Otter Hounds meet frequently in their respective hunting seasons, and there is, to quote the native, "always somethin' stirrin'."

Early in the fourteenth century Chagford became one of the Stannary towns of Devon, and during the Civil War it was the scene of a fierce and stern fight, when Sir John Berkeley attacked the Parliamentary forces quartered here, and gallant Sydney Godolphin fell. The local pronunciation, "Chaggyford," is a survival of the old Chageford of Domesday. The church, which is dedicated to St. Michael, and was rebuilt about the middle of the fifteenth century, is chiefly Perpendicular in character; it has a fine tower, and the cognisance of the Gorges, who held much land here in bygone days, appears in the bosses of the roof. The device of the three rabbits, with their ears so placed as to form a triangle, occur in a boss here, as in the churches at Tavistock and Widdecombe. The excursions from Chagford are seemingly endless, for here again we are upon the verge of the moor and in an admirable centre for studying the great silent stretches of land adjacent.

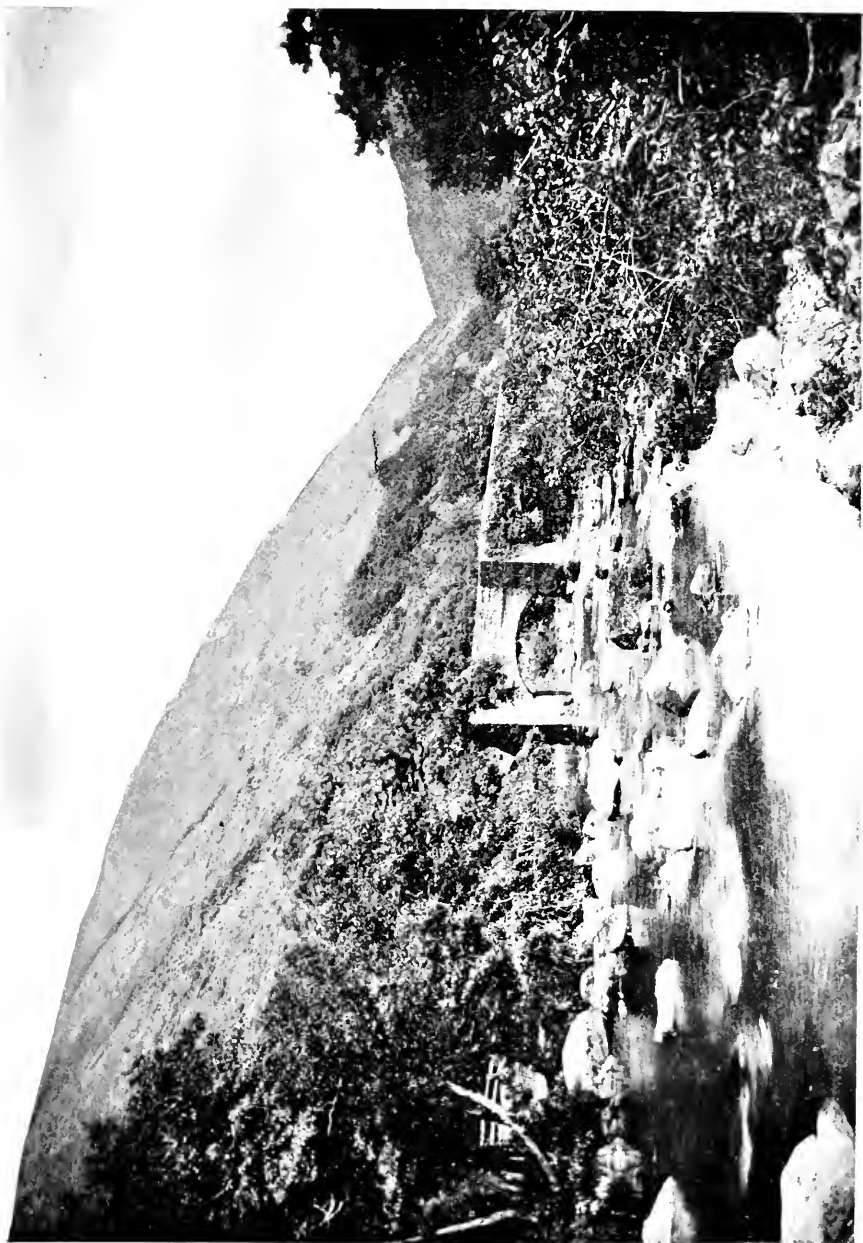
Gidleigh Park is two miles distant, and is one of the first places which the tourist usually goes to see. Its precipitous hill-sides, with their great masses of rock, and the rich verdure of the undergrowth, have been immortalised by generations of artists. So have the still pools and the swift-swirling waters of the Teign River, chafing along in its rocky bed, and making music as they hurry on to the sea. Gidleigh Church has a screen with painted panels in good preservation, and the ruins of a miniature castle which was the property of the Prouz family are still to be seen. The way to Gidleigh runs by Holy Street, and many a pilgrimage is made to Holy Street Mill, the picturesque features of which have been essayed by many a painter since Creswick made his success with it many years ago.

The drive of four miles to Drewsteignton affords many delicious peeps at wayside scenery, and whether or not the name grew out of Druids-town-on-the Teign, is still a moot question with antiquarian folk. It is a mere group of houses, with a rather fine church, and the old-fashioned and primitive hostelry is the stopping-place of the sight-seeing wanderers who come to see Fingle Bridge and the gorge of the Teign, some two

miles in extent. It is a lovely bit of country, the scenery full of abrupt changes, from the softly pastoral to the rugged sublimity of hills rising sheer from the rocky defile of the river, and clothed with heather and moorland flowers. Here and there a grey crag crops out of Mother Earth, or leans out over the eddying river.

Above Fingle Bridge rise the hills of Prestonbury and Cranbrook, with their ancient remains. These relics of British days authorities declare to be among the most important in the country, and designed by the early dwellers here to defend the pass against invading bands. Every turn unfolds some new beauty of hill and river and wood.

The Cromlech, locally called the Spinster's Rock, lies about two miles from the village, upon a farm called Shilston, and tradition says that three spinsters put it up one morning early, and at one time there were stone circles and avenues near it, but these have entirely disappeared, and doubtless fulfil some utilitarian mission in homestead or farm buildings, after the modern fashion. In Rowe's "Perambulation of Dartmoor" there is a suggestion that the three spinsters represent the "terrible Valkyriur," the fatal sisters of Norse mythology.



*Finger Bridge.*





At Heathfield station of the G.W.R. is another branch line for Chudleigh, and a short route to Exeter. Chudleigh is a very pleasant place, half village, half town, on the eastern side of the Teign Valley. The manor anciently belonged to the Bishop of Exeter, and there was a bishop's palace at Chudleigh. Bishop Veysey sold the manor in 1550 to Thomas Brydges, and Hugh, Lord Clifford, became lord of the manor in 1695.

Ugbrooke Park lies about a mile from the town, and the mansion has a very fine appearance as one sees it from the sylvan paths of park and pleasance. Many fine paintings hang upon the walls of Ugbrooke and in the Roman Catholic chapel used by the family.

Whiteway House, a seat of the Earls of Morley, built by the first Lord Boringdon, and Syon Abbey, a convent with a choir and secular chapel, are among the features of Chudleigh.

Chudleigh Rock, a great mass of limestone rock rising sheer from the ground, and making a picturesque bit of rugged scenery, with its swift-flowing stream at its base, and its cliffs, caves, and rocky hollows, should be noted here.

The river Teign, born in the granite uplands of Dartmoor, not far distant from the

birthplace of the Dart, has, like that storied stream, two sources, the North and the South Teign; the last-named rises in the valley near the circles called the Grey Wethers. The North Teign has its rise in the boglands behind Sittaford Tor, near the lonely pool of Cranmere, and as it exceeds in volume and in length the South Teign, the smaller stream may be considered as tributary. Down from Dartmoor past Gidleigh Park flows the Teign proper, and down by Fernworthy dimples the South Teign, both joining forces at Leigh Bridge. The Teign encloses or passes in turn most of the famous antiquities of the moor already named. The bed of the river itself is a depository of big boulders, among which the waters make fine play when clouds burst up among the tors and the silent river has swollen to an angry torrent.

The Culm rocks form a superb river gorge from Hunt's Tor to Dunsford Bridge unsurpassed in the whole of Devon, the rock walls reaching in some places a height of more than eight hundred feet above the bed of the river. We have already described the neighbourhood of Fingle Bridge, but from the termination of the gorge at Dunsford Bridge the valley of

the Teign broadens out, and scenery of a soft and pleasing type begins to prevail. Here are several rural hamlets and villages, among others the sweet village of Christow—the Christowell of the late Mr. Blackmore. On past Bovey and Newton Abbot the river flows, falling into the sea at Teignmouth. Some three miles from Teignmouth is the pretty village of Bishopsteignton, once a place of peculiar note by reason of the magnificent episcopal palace of the Bishop of Exeter. The ruins of the historic pile still stand, and it is a moot question among antiquaries whether or not it was built by Bishop Grandisson. The probabilities are against this theory, as Bishop Branscombe, in a letter to Pope John XXII., dated 1332, described the palace as possessing great beauty. The south and east walls of the chapel, which was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, still stand, and through the lancet windows one glances out at delightful country. A well-appointed hydro receives many guests at all seasons, the climate being especially conducive to mental and bodily rest. Kingsteignton is another picturesque village easily reached from Newton Abbot; it is on the river Teign, and is famous for its

potter's clay, much of which finds its way to the Staffordshire potteries. Pottery and terracotta form one of the industries of the place.

Teignmouth is the ideal seaside town, its hotels, its lodging and boarding houses, its pier, its bathing facilities, and the other accessories which go to make up a modern fashionable resort, are all there. Teignmouth is a very ancient place, since old-time records tell us that it was burnt A.D. 800 in one of the dreaded French raids, when the governor was killed. There are later records which mention the town in the time of the Conqueror, in the reigns of King John and of Edward the Confessor. Teignmouth still has a roadway called after its long-ago enemies, French Street. The townsfolk declare that it is the third largest watering-place in the county. They also insist on the fact that here one has in the health-giving air a blend of the sea and the moorland, the breezes of the English Channel meeting those tonic zephyrs of the moors which find their way down the lovely Teign Valley. It is never oppressively hot in summer, thanks to its near neighbour the sea, nor is it very cold in winter, for plants and shrubs grow and blossom fearlessly in the open





*Foghead Bridge.*

all the year round. Sanitation is good, the streets are well kept, and of amusements there is no end. There are lawn-tennis and croquet courts, a bowling-green, and an undulating sandy beach where bathing on sunny summer days, and indeed on days stretching into late autumn, can be enjoyed to the full. Then there is good yachting, boating, and fishing, good hockey and cricket clubs, and golf links only a few miles away, easily reached by rail.

The coaching excursions to places of interest hard by carry one through lovely lanes rich with Nature's mosaic of leaf and flower, their curves and windings each opening upon some new vista of pleasant country. Excursion steamers ply between Teignmouth and other sea-coast towns; bands play upon the pier and on the Den; fêtes in the summer and concerts in the winter are well organised and pleasurable. Meets of the Dartmoor Otter Hounds can often be enjoyed; and there are Steeple-chase meetings at several places not far distant, while a good pack of harriers hunt the immediate neighbourhood. It is to the Den, however, that the steps of the average visitor most often gravitate, for here are gay little flower gardens, and sheltered nooks where

one may rest, read, or meditate whilst enjoying the air of old ocean and the passing of ships on the sea.

The town is sheltered by the lofty Haldon Hills, and it is not surprising to find that improvements are going on steadily along the sea front and the residential quarters, sure indication that the tide of popularity is flowing in the direction of the sunny little town. Of drives there are a multitude, the favourite ones being over the crest of Haldon, returning by way of Bovey Tracey or Chudleigh. Another is the main road to Torquay, which runs with the coast-line for a distance of fully six miles. That to Newton Abbot is beside the tidal river Teign. The drive over Haldon to Mamhead village is one which is hard to beat for scenic charm. Then there are the shorter excursions to Sandy Gate, Ideford Arch, and Combe-in-Teignhead; Over Haldon to the Thorns; the somewhat long drive to Powderham Castle and Starcross; that to Teigngrace and Heathfield, the homeward route lying by Stover Park and Newton Abbot, and one might go on multiplying these drives indefinitely. The same might be said of the walks—breasting the hill to Haldon by the picturesque



Woodway Lane, returning by the lane which joins the road from Bishopsteignton; then there is the walk to Dawlish, which for some distance is on the sea wall; the walks on the Shaldon side of the river, approached by the long foot-bridge, to Combe Cellars, the scene of one of Baring-Gould's novels, "Kitty Alone"; the rambles about Bishopsteignton, and the various cliff and sea-side walks are all attractive.

The name of Dawlish, to those who have ever travelled in the "West-Countree," conjures up visions of a little watering-place upon the South Devon coast, where blue waters lazily lap the bases of red rocks, where a limpid stream runs through a well-kept public lawn, and where life goes smoothly and evenly, week in, week out. The Keltic name, "Dol-is," "the meadow by the stream," had more meaning than has the modern Dawlish. It is a charming little seaside town, quite unspoilt by the enterprising jerry-builder, for the houses are irregular and of somewhat old-world character, giving a distinctive air to the place. The sea wall is a favourite promenade, running for about two miles along the very fringe of those crisp blue waves which delight the eye of the

## 94 THE HOME OF GODFREY NICKLEBY

traveller by rail upon the main G.W.R. line. The long stretch of sandy beach, where children may play and paddle in absolute safety, make it a Paradise for the little ones. Sea-bathing is a great institution here, the Ladies' Bathing Pavilion and the Cove where gentlemen congregate for their morning swim being each models as to comfortable arrangements. The coming of the early bathing train from Exeter is one of the events of the day.

The air from the high ground of Haldon, and the ever-changing airs from the sea, give a sense of exquisite freshness to the town. The golf links are on the Warren, a short distance from the town. Boating and fishing are both good, and devotees of Badminton, tennis, croquet, and cricket are well served by the various clubs. The climate is very equable, and the red sandstone rocks seem to attract and retain all the solar heat which happens to be going, so that the little place never presents the desolate appearance of many seaside towns, even in mid-winter. Lovers of Dickens will perhaps recollect that Godfrey Nickleby's home was at Dawlish, and probably the novelist wrote a portion of the memoirs of Nicholas at the inn, which was the old coaching-house, and still remains.



*Falmouth.*



The next station on the main line of the G.W.R., on the way to Exeter, is Starcross, close to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earls of Devon, and not far from the village of Kenton and the fine mansion of Mamhead. Visitors are permitted to ramble through the beautiful park-lands of Powderham, where the trees sweep up from the railway to the lofty Haldon Hills, and where the Kenn River makes beauty and verdure as it flows among the green meadows. The village is just one long straggling street, with a couple of hotels, a few shops, and some pleasantly situated houses looking out over the sunny waters. Steam-launches ply between Starcross and Exmouth on the other side of the estuary, and in the holiday season there is a pleasant air of busy life along the sea front. Inland there is softly undulating country, and a network of lanes of the true Devonshire kind. From the high ground about Mamhead one gets exquisite peeps of the Exe River winding ribbon-like among the water-meadows and low-lying lands, until it joins the sea at Exmouth. Beyond the latter town stretch the red cliffs in long procession of headland and bay, and on a clear day the coast of the Isle of Portland

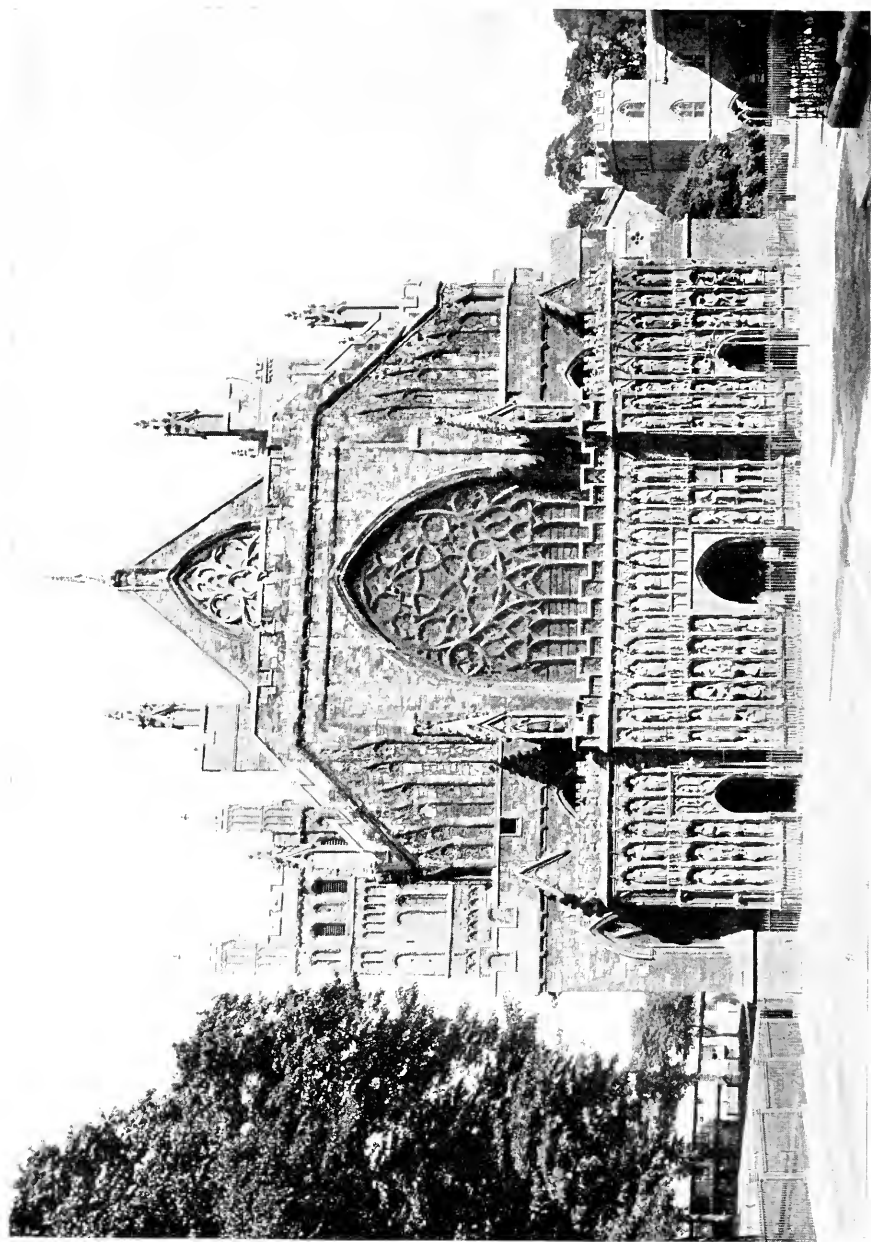
lies outspread, a glorious panorama of natural beauty.

The traveller going towards Exeter will notice the town of Exminster, with its little church on the right of the line, and farther away the beautifully wooded slopes of Haldon, crowned with the Belvedere Tower, rise to an imposing height, a striking range of uplands which, divided into Great and Little Haldon, dominate the view in this direction, even as far as Dawlish and Teignmouth.

The estuary of the Exe is at all times full of interest and charm. There are reaches of golden sand-bars, tinted with multi-coloured patches of seaweed, which it is refreshing for the jaded toiler in cities to look upon. The mysterious figures which we see moving to and fro over the sandy wastes are merely men and women gathering shell-fish, which succulent dainties find their way to Exeter and other centres of population for home consumption.

Exeter, city of great deeds and enduring memories; Exeter, the subject of many historical treatises and learned dissertations; the "Ever faithful city," as she is lovingly called by her patriotic citizens, who can attempt to





*Exeter Cathedral, West Front.*



describe thee in a few hundred words, or give thee just thy due? Words fail us at the outset, for Exeter, besides being the county town of Devonshire, and the Cathedral City of the West, is the cradle of our national liberty, and the centre of life and government for well-nigh a thousand years.

Exeter has a history stretching back, very far back, into the dim and distant past, and has to-day many relics of earlier days which confront the visitor at every turn. Look at her ancient Guildhall, some portions of which date from the middle of the fifteenth century; there it stands as a mute and silent sentinel of the ages, but yet eloquent of the deeds and happenings of other men and other times. One could fancy that the old building would look with disfavour upon modern innovations, particularly the latest in the shape of the electric tram passing up and down before it, for the convenience of the citizens it is true, but to the chagrin and annoyance of old-fashioned people who deplore the radical changes which are taking place in their ancient city. In that venerable Guildhall, whose picturesque façade was erected in 1593, is focussed the civic history of the city for

many centuries. Kings have been entertained there, feasting and revelry have held sway in the great hall, which has also been the scene of many a notable trial and great municipal function. Around its walls are to be seen portraits of many distinguished personages who have, at one time or another, received the hospitality of the city, including the hapless but beautiful Princess Henrietta, born in Exeter, and General Monck, a Devonshire man, and grandson of one of Exeter's mayors.

One of the most interesting relics of ancient Exeter is the old gateway of the castle, known as Athelstan's Tower, and popularly called Rougemont Castle. The site of a Saxon stronghold, it was occupied by William the Conqueror, and for centuries stood watch and ward over the changeful fortunes of the old city. From the ramparts an extensive view may be obtained, and near by, within a charming garden attached to a private house, may be traced bits of the old city wall; other fragments are to be found in the grounds of the Bishop's Palace beyond the cathedral. Exeter has had its share of wars and political commotions, perhaps the most exciting period being

when, in 1140, the castle was garrisoned by Baldwin, Earl of Devon, for the Empress Matilda against King Stephen. After three months Baldwin capitulated, and was allowed to retire with his followers. During the troublous times of the Civil Wars Exeter was twice besieged, being first held for the Parliament, and eventually surrendered to Prince Maurice. But it would be idle to attempt to trace the history of Exeter in these pages; that history is so full of incident, and is so closely identified with the growth of the country, that space would fail us to do it justice.

In the archives of the city are numerous ancient documents, charters, maps, records, and ancient seals of the city and of local religious houses; but Exonians especially pride themselves on the regalia, particularly the swords said to have been given by Edward IV. and Henry VII., and a cap of maintenance of the latter, which is still worn by one of the city functionaries upon State occasions. Exeter was one of the first places in the west to extend a welcome to William, Prince of Orange, although that welcome was at the first, particularly on the part of the ecclesiastics of the city, by no means warm or cordial. We have before us a somewhat rare and curious pair of broadsides that were issued on the occa-

## 100 PRINCE OF ORANGE AT EXETER

sion of his sojourning in the city which we venture to transcribe as of very special interest. The first is entitled—

“A True and Exact Relation of the  
Prince of Orange  
His Public Entrance into Exeter.

Since the Foundation of Monarchy, Imperial Orations, on the Triumphs of the Cæsars, in the Manner, Grandeur and Magnificence of their most Sumptuous Cavalcades, there was never any that exceeded this of the most Illustrious Hero the Prince of Orange his entrance into Exeter, which was in Manner and Form Following.

“1. The Right Honourable the Earl of Mackelsfield with 200 Horse, the most part of which were English Gentlemen, Richly Mounted on Flanders Steeds, mannag'd and us'd to War, in Headpieces, Back and Brest, Bright Armour.

“2. 200 Blacks brought from the Plantations of the Neitherlands in America, Imbroider'd Caps lin'd with white Fur, and Plumes of white Feathers, to attend the Horse.

“3. 200 Finlanders, or Laplanders in Bear Skins taken from the Wild Beasts they had slain, the common Habbit of that cold Climat with Black Armour and Broad Flaming Swords.

## SPEECH OF PRINCE OF ORANGE 101

"4. 50 Gentlemen, and as many Pages to attend and support the Prince's Banner, bearing this Inscription God and the Protestant Religion.

"5. 50 Led Horses all Manag'd and brought up to the Wars, with 2 Grooms to each Horse.

"6. After these Rid the Prince on a Milk White Palfrey, Armed Cap a Pee, A Plume of White Feathers on his Head. All in Bright Armour, and 42 Footmen Running by him.

"7. After his Highness, followed likewise on Horseback 200 Gentlemen and Pages.

"8. 300 Switzers with Fuzies.

"9. 500 Voluntiers each 2 Led Horses.

"10. His Captain and Guards 600. Armed Cap a Pee.

"The rest of the Army in the Rere, his Highness with some Principal Officers entred the Town, where they were not only Receiv'd, but entertain'd with Loud *Huzzas*, Ringing of Bells, Bonfires, and such Acclamations of Joy as the Convenience of the place and their Abilities cou'd afford."

On the same occasion a speech was delivered by the "Prince of Orange to Some of the Principle Gentlemen of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, on their coming to Joyn his High-

ness at Exeter the 15th of Nov. 1688." The text of which, taken from a contemporary broadside, is as follows:—

"Tho' we know not all your Persons, yet we have a Catalogue of your Names, and remember the Character of your Worth and Interest in your Country. You see we are come according to your Invitation and our Promise. Our Duty to God obliges us to Protect the Protestant Religion, and our Love to Mankind, your Liberties and Properties. We expected you that dwelt so near the place of our Landing would have join'd us sooner, not that it is now too late, nor that we want your Military Assistance so much as your Countenance, and Presence, to Justifie our Declar'd Pretentions; rather than accomplish our good and gracious Designs. Tho' we have brought both a good Fleet, and a good Army, to render these Kingdoms happy, by Rescuing all Protestants from Popery, Slavery, and Arbitrary Power; by Restoring them to their Rights and Properties Established by Law, and by Promoting of Peace and Trade, which is the soul of Government, and the very Life-Blood of a Nation; yet we rely more on the Goodness of God and the Justice of our Cause, than on any Humane Force and Power whatever. Yet since God is pleased we shall make use of Humane means, and not expect Miracles, for our Preservation and Happiness; Let us not neglect making use of the Gracious Opportunity, but with Prudence and Courage, put in Execution our so honourable purposes. There, Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow-Protestants, we bid you and all your Followers most heartily Wellcome to our Court and Camp. Let the whole World now Judge, if our pretentions are not Just, Generous, Sincere, and above Price; since we might have, even a Bridge of Gold, to Return back; But it is our Principle and Resolution rather to dye in a Good Cause, than live in a Bad one, well knowing that Vertue and True Honour is its own Reward, and the Happiness of Mankind our Great and Only Design."

—*Exeter, Printed by J. B., 1688.*

Unlike many other west-country towns, Exeter still retains many of her old-world characteristics; the hand of the spoiler is not so evident as in some more enterprising towns; for quaint nooks and corners, narrow streets and alleys, are to be found which remind the passer-by of days prior to railways and electric cars, when pack-horses did most of the carrying, and when the pillion was in use amongst the country dames who flocked into Exeter to market.

One of the most noticeable of the old buildings of Exeter is Moll's Coffee-House, in the Cathedral Close, said to have been frequented by some of the sea-captains and adventurers of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who followed Drake and Hawkins, Grenville and Raleigh, in their adventurous quests in the western main. There are still to be found in Exeter the halls of some of the ancient Guilds, and the town houses of the country gentry, where oaken panel and plaster ornament are lavishly used; where finely wrought-iron gates give access to quiet, flower-decked quadrangles, and where sunshine loves to linger with a play of light and shade on the red conglomerate walls and oak timbering. But the glory of Exeter is its

ancient cathedral, founded in very early days. Although Crediton had preceded Exeter as the site of a bishopric, a church was founded here in the days of Athelstan, and Exeter had a bishop as far back as 1050. Of the church in which Leofric was enthroned nothing is left but the memory. The present building starts with the year 1112, when the magnificent towers which now seem to dominate the city began to rise, and so on through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries cathedral building went on, bishop after bishop adding to it and beautifying it, the outcome of many centuries being the glorious building which is at once the wonder and pride of twentieth-century Exonians.

Exeter is placed in very picturesque surroundings, and has many charming spots within the boundaries of the city from whence delightful views may be obtained. Chief of these is Northernhay, overlooking the Queen Street Station of the London & South-Western Railway. This has been laid out as a public park, with exquisite botanical gardens, where one can sit and muse beneath the shady trees or listen to the bands which frequently perform there.

Then again the Cathedral Close is a quiet,





*Exeter Cathedral, Choir*



restful spot, reminiscent of the past, while around it and near it are attractive gardens, not the least charming of which is that of the Bishop's Palace, at the rear of the cathedral. Within this old-world pleasaunce may be seen some relics of the old wall of Exeter, fragments of which may be discovered by the archæologist at other points.

Exeter is a fairly busy city, although it is not disfigured by many factory chimneys—in fact, those which do exist are relegated to the outskirts and to the banks of the Exe. On market days the streets are crowded with the carriages of the local gentry, and the side-walks by well-dressed people intent on business or pleasure. And there is much to interest the stranger in Exeter, for its institutions are numerous and well looked after, its open spaces are attractive, and there is an air of quiet prosperity which is certain to impress any one who sees it for the first time.

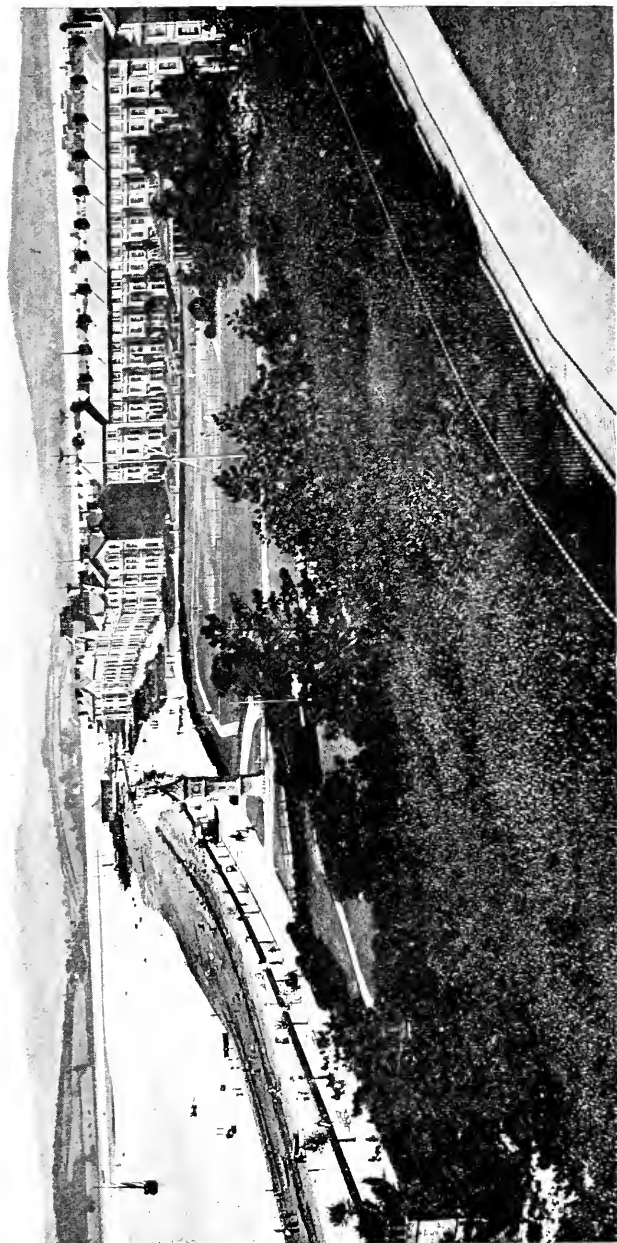
Exeter is a capital centre for the beautiful Exe Valley district, and for the numerous coast towns and watering-places which lie east and south.

Topsham is a little town which lies upon the eastern bank of the Exe, and is on the Exmouth branch of the London & South-Western Rail-

way. It is a picturesque place, and in the midst of a most delightful neighbourhood. It is only four miles by rail from the Cathedral City of Exeter, and a few miles from Exmouth, where the broad estuary is merged in the broader sea. There is much to interest one here, for it is the shipping port of Exeter, vessels of 150 tons burthen loading and unloading at its waterside. In the olden days Topsham was a place of importance; it was a market-town in the reign of Edward I., and to the Topsham seafaring men may be traced much of the development of the fishing commerce with Newfoundland. In the reign of William III. its trade with Newfoundland exceeded that of any other port, London excepted. The manor for many generations belonged to the powerful Courtenays, and afterwards to the De Courcys. Sir Thomas Fairfax made Topsham his headquarters for a short time in the autumn of 1645.

About midway between Topsham and Exmouth, still upon the London & South-Western Railway branch line, is Lympstone, a pleasant little riverside village with its church (dedicated to St. Mary) of very ancient foundation. The only part of the old structure, however, is the tower, the main fabric having been rebuilt in





*Exmouth*

1864. It is the centre of a very good residential neighbourhood, many important seats being within easy driving distance, whilst the landscape beauties in all directions are of a kind to delight the eyes of the artists who come to paint sunsets on the bight of the Exe, and pastoral pictures drawn from the everyday life of the pretty homesteads dotted about the vernal hills and vales of this part of lovely Devon.

Exmouth folk claim for their town, and justly, that it is especially favoured by Nature. It is sheltered from north-east and south-east winds by the hills, and by its peculiar situation, and whilst the climate is tonic and bracing, it is equable and genial to a degree. Frequent trains connect this town with Exeter, for it is laughingly called the Exeter man's Paradise, city folk being glad to escape to its quiet and to the near neighbourhood of the sea as often as may be. In 1001 the marauding Danes landed at the mouth of the Exe, raided the place, and marched on into the country, defeating the men of Devon and Somerset at Pinhoe. In Edward the Third's reign it contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen for a punitive expedition to Calais.

## 108 MANOR GARDENS, EXMOUTH

One portion of Exmouth lies in the parish of Littleham, the other in that of Withycombe Raleigh; and Wymond Raleigh, grandfather of the renowned Sir Walter, Elizabethan courtier and patriot, held lands at Withycombe Raleigh. Westcote, the historian, says that the tenure of Withycombe Raleigh was held by the service of supplying the King with two good arrows stuck in an oaten cake whenever it happened to be the Royal pleasure to hunt on Dartmoor.

Exmouth is an ideal place for boating; the bathing is also very safe at all states of the tide. "The Plantation" is a delightfully shady retreat when one tires of the brightness and glare of the sea; on these well-wooded heights one may rest and look away over the town to Dawlish and Starcross, following the coast-line for many miles. The Manor Gardens form a pleasant resting-place too, and here good-class concerts and fêtes are held. Very gay of aspect is the prettily planted enclosure on gala nights, when bright-hued lanterns swing from the tall trees, and the walks are illuminated with fairy lamps. Croquet, tennis, and the usual sports are duly honoured here, for the out-of-door life of which medicos make such a point nowadays cannot be more easily and pleasantly lived anywhere.



To breast the hill to the heathery slopes of Woodbury Common is a good walk, and once there one may rest on a grassy knoll and enjoy a view almost unsurpassed in the county.

Away up the coast gleam those red cliffs which Barham had in mind when he wrote of the

“Sapphire blue and emerald green,  
With a glow of the red, red rock between,  
Bathed in a glory of golden sheen,  
Gladdened your heart or dazzled your een :  
There tarry a while and gaze your fill,  
From Berry Head to Portland Bill.”

Saltern, as Budleigh Salterton was called long ago, was so named from the fact that salt-pans at one time existed at the spot where the Otter River empties itself into the sea. Until comparatively recent years it was just a small fishing hamlet, but when travel became so general and so cheap, visitors began to find their way to the picturesque little place; they were charmed with the brilliant colouring, the clear bracing air, and all the beautiful stretch of country running inland. Year by year they returned and brought others until, in the present year of grace, Budleigh Salterton is accounted one of

## 110 MARINE PARADE, SALTERTON

the most popular of Devonshire coast towns. It lies in a small bay open to the south, and at the extremity of the valley of the Otter, which separates Otterton parish from East Budleigh.

The principal street traverses the valley, and is very attractive, with its running stream of water, its many bridges, and its pretty dwelling-houses. The Marine Parade, running east and west, and, like the sunny little town itself, lying open to the south, is a pleasant walk raised above the beach of pebbles; the little river which runs through the town falls into the sea at the western end of the beach, beyond which rise the cliffs clothed with verdure, which look so fine when seen from the sea. In one of the houses on the Parade, Millais, the artist, lived for some time when painting "The Boyhood of Raleigh." This was one of the Academy pictures of the year, and was bought by Mr. Tate in 1900 for the Tate Gallery. Thomas Adolphus Trollope lived here in the evening of his life, and many well-known people—artistic, scientific, and literary—have come here to dream, to create, or to rest among the scenic beauties of this part of the coast.

Cliff roads, moorlands, fertile valleys, where



*Buddleigh Salterton.*



## CHURCH OF ST. PETER, SALTERTON III

the red Devon cattle stand up to their knees in lush grasses and meadow-sweet; pleasant by-ways, where, among the chequered light and shade, cob-walled cottages, with their doorways hidden by rose bowers, make a picture of English lowly life. Homesteads, which were manor houses in England's golden age, sending their stalwart sons on voyages of discovery with Raleigh and Drake, or on those other voyages of reprisal to the shores of France—all these features, and many besides, help to make this a peculiarly interesting place, apart from the fascinating bays and bold bluffs, which give variety to the shore. The Church of St. Peter, designed by Mr. G. H. Fellowes Prynne, and built to seat eight hundred worshippers, is a very noble structure, and was, with the site it stands upon and the road which leads up to it, the gift of the Hon. Mark Rolle of Bicton. The altar and the stone screen between the nave and the chancel were the gift of Lady Gertrude Rolle; the wrought-brass pulpit was given by Mr. Dart; and the litany desk, the font, and the lectern were all separate gifts from other donors. The site for the Cottage Hospital was also given by the lord of Bicton.

Salterton has its golf links and club

pavilion, its public hall and reading-rooms, and all the up-to-date requirements in the way of bathing facilities, coaches, steamers, and small boats. The beach, with its strange beds of large, flat pebbles, stretches from Otterton Point in the east right away to Orcombe Hill in the west, and is a happy hunting-ground for geologists, for fossils are discovered in the smooth, oval pebbles, and jasper, agate, and moss stone are among the treasure-trove of Salterton beach. The pebble band is a curious feature of the cliffs to the west of the town, and from their breezy height it is a very picturesque outlook when the fisherfolk are busy drying and mending their nets in the intervals between their catches. Ladram Bay, three miles distant, Harpford Woods, five miles away, Bicton, for a long period the lovely seat of the Hon. Mark Rolle and Lady Gertrude Rolle, are among the places to be visited. Bicton Park, with its arboretum and woodlands, is open to visitors on certain days of the week.

Many a pilgrimage is made to East Budleigh by visitors to the various coast towns, for here Sir Walter Raleigh was born, at Hayes Leigh, one of the many old manor

houses of Devon, where the *fin fleur* of England's chivalry grew to perfection. The old-world porch, the thatched gables of the Elizabethan house, and the whole aspect of the place indeed, is but little changed since Raleigh looked out upon those green hills and dreamed dreams of galleons and glory, of ingots and an Imperial mistress, as he wandered about the deep-set lanes and the woodlands hard by. When the father of Sir Walter and Mistress Joan Drake of Exmouth were wedded they left the old home at Fardel, near Cornwood, to live here near the sea, within easy distance of his other properties, the manors of Colaton Raleigh and Withycombe Raleigh. The tenant of the old homestead will show the room where the courtier, poet, and explorer was born, and in the church of East Budleigh may be seen the slab in memory of Joan Raleigh. The ideal of our fair English country can be fitly realised in just this bit of Devon, where the Otter River flows on through gracious meadow-lands lapped in sunshine, where the sky-line is bounded by dusky moorlands, and where every purling stream leads on through its own vernal valley to the red cliffs of the coast.

(D.)

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From East Budleigh to Otterton the way lies through a tiny village or hamlet, a sleepy-hollow of a place, aptly named "Sleep." Otterton village has its church, dedicated to St. Michael, and built on the site of the old one by Lady Rolle, who died in 1885 at an advanced age. It has, too, its old manor house, with the arms of the Duke family carved in stone above the doorway. This old Tudor homestead dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and the heads of the family of Duke were lords of the manor in succession for generations. A drive through Otterton Park, with its avenues of fine beech trees, may be enjoyed by visitors; and a saunter in the leafy shade of some of the walks, and a study of some of the tree forms, where the great branches meet high overhead and make a superb natural cathedral, is an experience to remember. In all these villages grouped along the valley of the Otter lace-making was at one period a staple industry. By degrees the decline in the fascinating art (brought about by the infinitely cheaper and less artistic machine-made imitations) resulted in the young women going out into the world to make a way for themselves, instead of working in their own cottage homes. The recent revival in lace-







*Birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

making has, however, again given occupation to cottage folk, and there is much exquisite work done in the pretty little homes one passes in the course of a day's excursion.

Sidmouth is one of the most sunshiny spots along the coast, and it is not strange that its air of quiet repose, its brightness, and the beauty of the neighbourhood, attracted the notice of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It might prove a rival to Torquay were it better known, for it has a reputation for dryness of climate, as well as for a plentiful allowance of sunshine. Sea-bathing is very good here, and accommodation is excellent, residents doing all in their power to make their town attractive for the birds of passage who pass through on their way up or down the coast, as well as for the welcome visitors who come to winter among the cliffs.

The claim of Sidmouth to be considered as a watering-place of any importance dates from the year 1819, when the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria (afterwards Queen) came to live at Woolbrook Glen. The pretty villa had its own gardens and grounds, and a stream which ran down to the sea. The west window of the church was given by Queen

## 116 THE "LANDPART" OF SIDMOUTH

Victoria in memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, and is intended to be suggestive of the benevolence and charity for which the Duke and his daughter, our late greatly beloved Queen, were noted. The chief street is at its higher end called High Street, at its lower Fore Street. The town continues to develop and to spread, trending inland, and "Landpart" is the name given to this newer portion of Sidmouth. The Cricket Club is a venerable institution, and boasts a first-class record, keeping its "week" in August. There are golf links on Peak Hill, whence enchanting views of sea and undulating coast-line are to be had. Archery and Badminton Clubs find many devotees. It is an all-round place for sport, and an ideal spot for living that-life-in-the-open which counts for so much nowadays. Runs with the East Devon Hunt are possible to visitors. The Culmstock Otter Hounds are in the district in May and in August, and hunt on the Sid and the other rivers which wander seawards through beautiful valleys. There are also opportunities for going to the meets of the Axe Vale Harriers, for their runs are often in the vicinity, and there is a good train service. One carries away from Sidmouth a general impression of greenness

and luxuriant verdure, of a coast varied and beautiful, of dry, crisp atmosphere, of plentiful sunshine, and of kindly and hospitably-minded people. The warm sea-water baths, which can be enjoyed by delicate and ailing folk in a really well-appointed establishment, have given an impetus to the popularity of the town in recent years.

Branscombe, a little farther along the coast, is one of the loveliest of Devonshire villages, and can be reached by a four-mile drive from Seaton, or by a delightful cliff walk, the latter not to be lightly undertaken except by fairly vigorous pedestrians, for those undulations of the coast, which make its chief charm, mean stiff uphill walking here and there. Branscombe lies well back from the sea, and is flowerful, quiet, and sunny. Its inland scenery is of the soft and pastoral kind, whilst as one goes seaward to where the great waters surge and swell against the rugged and weather-worn cliffs the picture gains in grandeur what it loses in mere beauty. The village lies in one of the richest of valleys; lofty hills rise about it, and winding combs full of verdure and beauty lead to this sequestered little spot, where flowers blossom luxuriantly the whole

## 118 FOUNDER OF WADHAM COLLEGE

year round, and where the earliest of tubers and broccoli are cultivated and brought to perfection by the village people. The men are keen agriculturists, and the women, like those of many hamlets dotted along the seaboard, supplement their husbands' efforts by making the lace of Honiton.

Nicholas Wadham, the founder of Wadham College, Oxford, is buried in the north transept of Branscombe Church, a quaint old fane with a Norman tower, a Wadham monument, and many old-time features. Speaking of the Wadhams, Prince, in his famous old book, "The Worthies of Devon," says: "This honourable family possessed the seat called Egge (Edge Barton) about eight descents in a direct line, five of which were knights, who became allied to many great and noble houses." This family seat, and the entire parish, at one time was possessed by territorial lords of the name of Branscombe, the Wadhams coming into possession towards the end of the reign of King Edward the Third. A certain Sir John Wadham was one of the Justices of Common Pleas, and Edge remained the pleasant heritage of his descendants of the same name until the death of Nicholas Wadham,



*Sidmouth.*



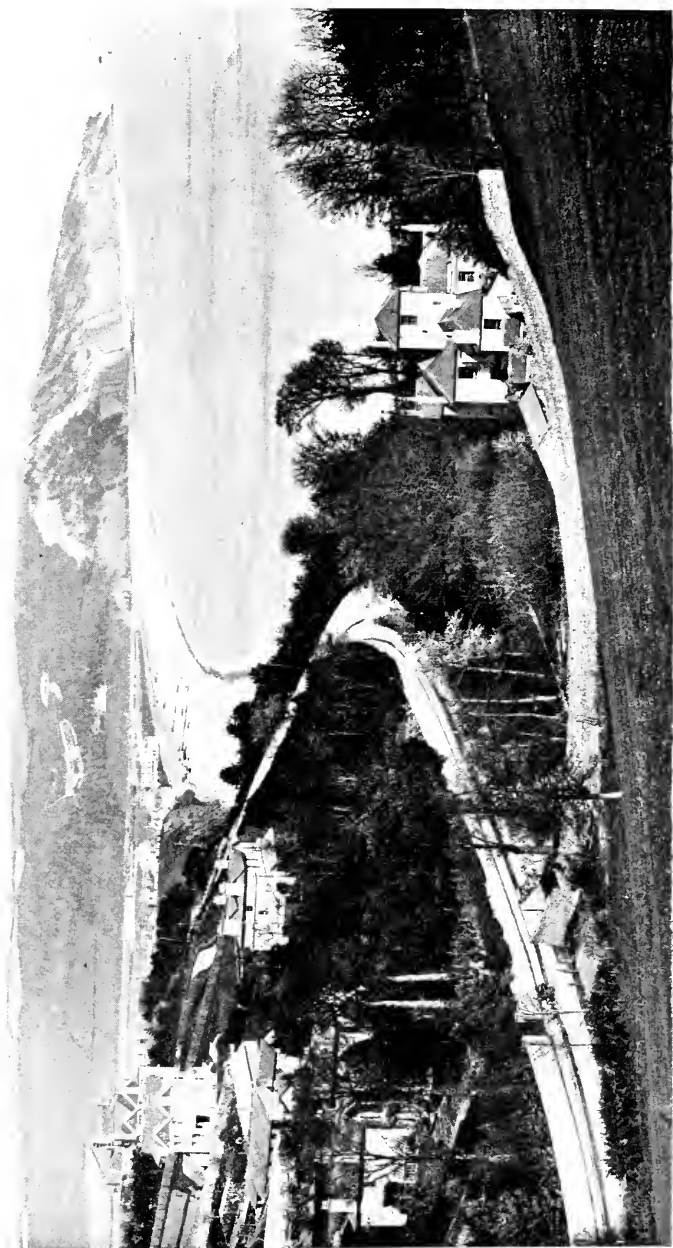


the scholarly founder of Wadham College, who was most likely born and reared among all the good influences of this country home. As one reaches the seclusion and rest after the giant cliff forms and the restless sea, which companions one all the way from Seaton, one is sure to exclaim at the charm of the place, and to promptly fall in love with it, after the fashion of all visitors.

Seaton, literally Sea-town, is a breezy and pleasant resting-place, with a long pebble beach lapped by a sea blue as forget-me-nots; a village of softly curving coast, where, when the spell of summer is over the land, one may lie in the shadow of the tall cliffs and ponder past days in this part of Devon. Some archæologists settled upon Seaton as the site of the Roman station Moridunum, and there are people to-day who believe, and loudly assert, that Seaton was in long dead centuries a place of vivid happenings, busy with the coming and going of Roman galleys and Roman legions. However that may be—and we have at present no means of proving or disproving the belief—it is certain that in 1347 the little town gave a couple of ships towards the fleet with which Edward III. sailed for Calais.

Just a mile from Seaton is Beer, reached by a cliff path whence the views up the Axe valley and the views seaward make up a picture of English scenic beauty one long remembers. Beer is now given over to the legitimate industries of fishing and lace-making, but time was when the entire population was either engaged in or lived on the proceeds of smuggling. In a day when manual labour was accounted "poor trade" by the men of the West, all the coast-line from Salcombe to Lyme Regis was ringing with the doings of Jack Rattenbury, a rogue of engaging personality and much mother-wit. He used this for the beguilement of the official folk of his day, and lived his proudest moments when he had once again circumvented the revenue men. He was a native of Beer, its popular hero in point of fact, a jovial and gallant sailor, who knew every creek and inlet with which the sea in its ceaseless work has indented the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. He has been dubbed the "Rob Roy of the West." The quarries of Beer stone have for centuries supplied the material for the building of churches, it being particularly hard and durable, and of a very fine texture. These





*Gratons.*

quarries, which are subterranean, have been worked for over a thousand years, and are practically inexhaustible. The lace composing the wedding dress of Queen Victoria was made here in 1839, and women and children may still be seen in the cottages or at the doors busy with pillow and bobbin.

Colyton, with its fine church, in which is an early monument to one of the great earls of Devon, is in this neighbourhood; so is the site of Colcombe Castle, of which nothing now remains but a fragment of the old buildings used in farming work. Sir William Pole, the antiquary, upon whose researches most of the history of the county is founded, lived here. Shute, anciently held by the great family of Bonville, is not far distant. They were restless, aggressive spirits these Bonvilles, who in their great mansion, surrounded by acres of sylvan parkland, worked with such vigour for the House of York that Shute was the acknowledged headquarters of the White Rose in the West. Lord Bonville fell at St. Albans, and his son and his grandson perished at Wakefield. So was the male line of the house cut off, and the fair heritage left to the last of the family, a delicate girl, as powerless to

carry on the family traditions as the family name. At Shute, not "Old Shute House," but the newer mansion, the family of De la Pole, descendants of the old historian, still rule. The antique gatehouse, the venerable church, the ancient deer park of the Bonviles, are there, but the name, save in the annals of the county and of some of its notable families, is forgotten.

Axminster, the Minster on the Axe, is one of the very old towns of East Devon, as a visit to its parish church of St. Mary will prove. Its memorials are links with a very misty past, for when William the Conqueror ruled England the church was connected with the far-away Cathedral of York. The name of Axminster is associated in the mind with the carpet industry, but this manufacture in the little town watered by the Axe only began in 1755 and ended in 1835. Axminster is an especially interesting centre, for south of the town, two miles or so away, on a farmstead, are the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Newenham, founded by Reginald de Mohun in 1245. It went the way of other religious houses at the Reformation, and of the magnificent church of the old abbey nothing at all remains. Ashe House, the birthplace of the great Duke of Wellington, is

within easy driving or riding distance, and Forde Abbey can be seen on certain days by whoever cares to negotiate a few miles of the fine country lying between Axminster and the romantic old pile, which was also a Cistercian monastery. It was founded by Adelicia, a daughter of Albreda, niece of William the Conqueror. It was completed in 1148, and surrendered to the King by Thomas Charde, the last abbot, in 1539. The old place has changed hands many times since Mother Church yielded her right to it, but its old-time beauty remains unspoilt, the magnificent rooms, the tapestry, and old carved wainscot and furniture being still perfect.

Honiton, lying on the slope of one of the hills forming the pleasant valley of the Otter River, is a notable old town, and its staple industry, the making of the beautiful Honiton lace, has received a great impetus during recent years, when our Royal ladies and the women of the nobility have given the exquisite fabric a great vogue in the world of fashion. In Devonshire much of the old feudal spirit still lingers, and a pleasing instance of it is the exceeding interest in the local lace-making shown by the wives and daughters of

territorial lords ; people of long descent, whose houses and lands have come down through the generations from sire to son, do not disdain to establish schools and apportion funds for the teaching of the craft, and for prizes for beauty of design and excellence of work. Honiton served as a haven for Lollards who settled here during the religious persecutions in Flanders, and in return for west-country hospitality and kindness taught the people the weaving of woollen cloth and the making of lace. In 1644 King Charles brought his army to Honiton on his way westward, and it was a place of note throughout the Civil War, not suffering greatly, however, through the tumults of those turbulent times. In the old coaching days it was upon the great highway from London to Exeter, Plymouth, and the farther west. Now, in spite of being upon the main line of the L. & S.W. R., it is something of a sleepy-hollow. Comparatively few people stay to see what the old market-town has to offer in the way of sports and pleasures. A climb to the heights of Dumdon Hill and Hembury Fort brings one to the ancient camps. The old fane upon the hill is dedicated to St. Michael ; it was originally the parish church, but is now a chapel of ease to the



Parish Church of St. Paul. One is tempted to linger on and on in the picturesque God's acre, for there one of the finest views in all Devonshire is outspread. The well wooded hill of St. Cyres, the old town itself, with its broad main street flanked closely by the green of the country, whilst here and there gleams out the Otter River, a silver, sinuous line threading the emerald meadows. The old Church of St. Michael has stood here since the fifteenth century; it has a magnificent screen supporting the rood loft, stretching across the whole width of chancel and aisle. Many a roving Romany comes back to take his last long sleep in St. Michael's Churchyard. He was born in the district, and the homeless one regards it as "home," and loves it accordingly. The manor of Honiton was for long the property of the Earls of Devon. Isabella de Redvers, Countess of Devon, sold it to Edward I., but some years afterwards the Courtenays were in possession, and so it remained until Elizabethan days, and the present Dolphin Hotel was the Courtenay mansion.

The river Otter, winding down through woodlands and cornfields, passes on its eastern bank the town of Ottery St. Mary, with a glorious old church, which is a reproduction in miniature

of the cathedral church of the diocese, and is very rich in ecclesiastical art work. The town is the "Clavering" of Thackeray. Bishop Bronescombe dedicated a church here in 1259, and Bishop Grandisson restored it some time later, rebuilding certain portions. The north aisle was added by Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset, afterwards Countess of Stafford, a descendant of the powerful west-country family of Bonville. Ottery was, like many of the old west-country towns, famed for its serges and woollen goods before the era of machine-made cloths spoilt the village industry of weaving. Ottery St. Mary is closely associated with the history of the Coleridge family. The Rev. John Coleridge (1719-1781) was vicar of the parish, and was the father of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, and the great-grandfather of Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge (1820-1894). The poet was born here in 1772, and his nephew, Colonel James Coleridge, settled at Ottery St. Mary in 1796, and became the grandfather of the Lord Chief-Justice. The family retained the connection with the district; and when the Lord Chief-Justice died in 1894, his remains were buried beside other near relatives beside the Collegiate Church of Ottery St. Mary.

No district in Devon is more picturesque than the beautiful valley of the Exe and the neighbourhood of Tiverton, and no locality can boast so many fine churches and stately manor houses as the north-eastern part of the county above Exeter. Here also is the justly celebrated Exmoor, where the red deer roam at will, and where hunting, fishing, and sport of all kinds occupy the attention of a large section of the community.

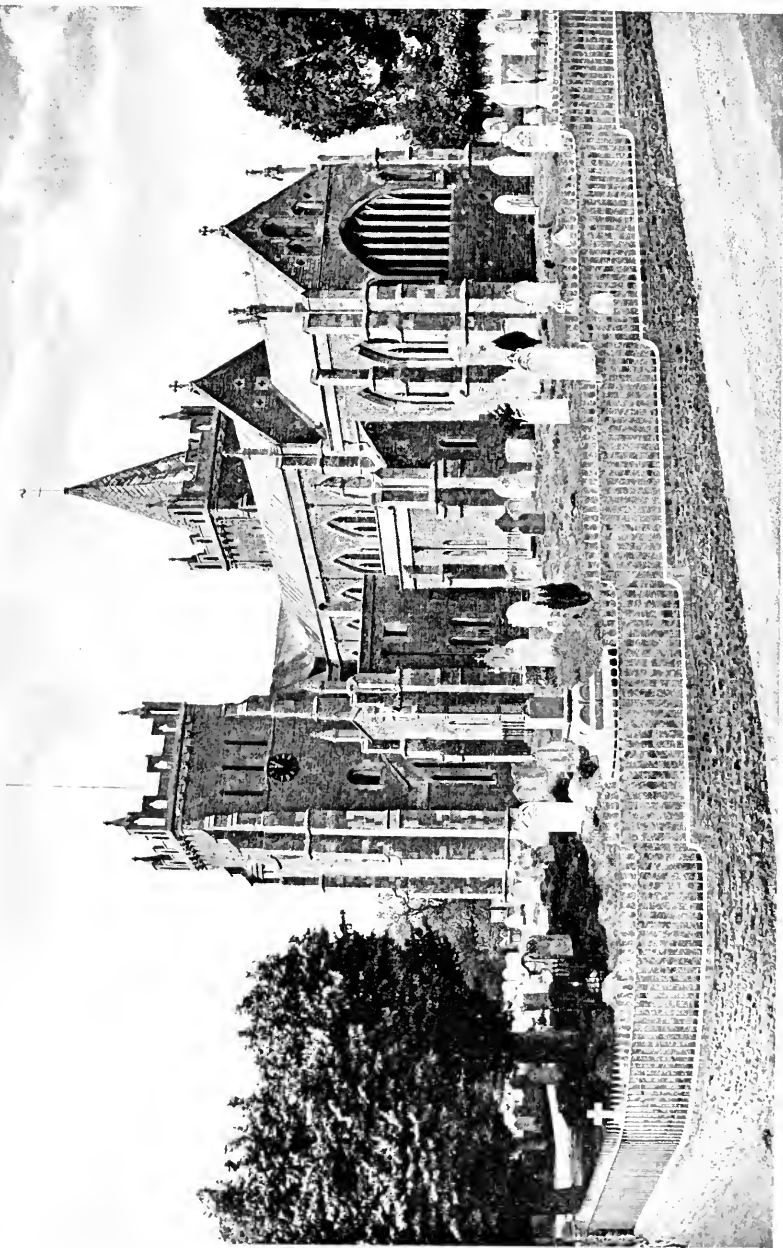
Not far from Hele station, on the main line of the G.W.R., is the old market-town of Bradninch, which still retains some picturesque links with olden times. The manor house has some oak rooms very richly carved, and are of Elizabethan date. There is also a bedroom in which Charles I. is said to have slept. The ancient Guildhall, now the Assembly and Reading-Rooms, still has the insignia, maces, staves, seals, and china punch-bowls of the old corporation, relics of a civic state long since passed away.

Cullompton, on the banks of the Culm River, is a prosperous market-town, with a main street fringed with trees and many a picturesque old Tudor and Stuart house. There are pleasant gabled dwellings with upper storeys projecting

## 128 THE KING OF THE GIPSIES

and ancient latticed windows, carrying the imagination back over the centuries. The church, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, has a fine wood screen.

Bickleigh, the lovely valley of impetuous watercourses and emerald green meadows, of apple orchards and ancient cottages, is the birthplace of Bampfylde Moore Carew, Prince of Beggars and King of the Gipsies. From what far-away ancestor this man of undeniably good birth and breeding inherited his "wandering blood," Heaven alone knows. He was a vagrant, however, of the first water, and if his biographer is to be believed, a gentle and lovable vagabond, whom his friends welcomed when, "homeless, ragged, and tanned, under a changeful sky," he appeared to crack a joke, tell of his travels, and enjoy their hospitality. It fell out that this disciple of the open-air life had gotten himself into disgrace in a trifling matter of hunting a deer over ripe cornfields, and whilst lying low till the local anger against him had cooled, he happened upon a little brotherhood of gipsies, and went upon the road with them, remaining for more than a year. It chanced upon a certain fine day that the thoughts of home



*Abbey St. Mary Church.*



drew him back to Bickleigh, and he was received like the prodigal of old, with tears, joy, and feasting. The wandering blood asserted itself anew after awhile, and off went Bampfylde Moore Carew again, visiting the big cities of Europe, and appearing in as many disguises as the professional wearer of motley who treads the boards of the average theatre. His never-failing resource, and the atmosphere of romance and high-hearted joviality which he brought with him, disarmed anger, and he took his toll from his surroundings with an easy grace which won him friends everywhere. Of his merry pranks one could write a whole volume. His bones lie in Bickleigh Churchyard, with no monument to chronicle his eccentric career; he died in 1758, aged sixty-seven.

Quiet little Culmstock is associated with Bishop Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. A memorial window to his father, Major Octavius Temple, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Sierra Leone, adorns the Church of All Saints', and another memorial to the prelate himself has been placed here.

Hemyock has a few fragments remaining of the castle which stood here in Plantagenet times. Uffculme Church, dedicated to St. Mary

the Virgin, has some richly carved screens, and some very old monuments to the Walrond family, whose seat, Bradfield Hall, lies not far away. Deep lanes intersect the pleasant country here as elsewhere in Devon, and one is often reminded of the Rev. John Marriott's poem, "Marriage is like a Devonshire Lane."

"In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,  
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;  
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,  
Drive forward you must, there is no turning round.

But tho' 'tis so long, 'tis not very wide,  
For two are the most that together can ride;  
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,  
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Then the banks are so high to the left and the right  
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;  
And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,  
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane."

For beauty of situation and for convenience of access there are few towns in Devon more favourably placed than Tiverton. In its neighbourhood is found some of the most delightful scenery in the county, its nearness to Exeter (only 15 miles) and its good train service making it an ideal place of residence. It is the natural centre of the beautiful valley of the Exe, where it joins its tributary, the Lowman, and is at all



times and seasons a restful, quiet, and desirable country town. Tiverton is, moreover, a town of some eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants; it boasts a mayor and corporation, and is, in every respect, a good, compact, and up-to-date town. Moreover, it is an acknowledged centre for hunting, fishing, and all kinds of out-door sports, and as an educational centre it ranks with the best in the kingdom, for does it not possess the justly famous Blundell's, a school which has recently celebrated its tercentenary in most approved fashion? "Old Blundell's," as it is familiarly called, dates from Elizabethan days, for it was founded in 1604 by Lord Chief-Justice Popham as executor under the will of Peter Blundell, a merchant of Tiverton, who had died a few years previously, leaving a substantial legacy to his native town for the endowment of a school. Here Archbishop Temple, Samuel Wesley, R. D. Blackmore, John Conybeare, Bampfylde Moore Carew, and a host more of west-country celebrities, received their education, and Blundell's is to-day as thorough in its system of training as it has been any time during the three centuries of its existence. Blundellians may well be proud of their famous school, and Tivertonians are not slow to recognise all they

owe to the generosity and foresight of Peter Blundell, in the rich legacy he bequeathed to them. The parish church of St. Peter is one of the finest Gothic edifices in the west of England. It was originally founded in 1073, but has been added to and altered at different periods, a complete restoration having taken place about sixty years ago. One of the most striking features is the exterior of the porch and chapel, erected by John Greenway in the reign of Henry VIII. This is richly sculptured with tracery, the subjects being taken from Scripture history. The porch was rebuilt in 1825, and the sculpture carefully renewed. The church contains several fine monuments, and it is here that the oft-quoted epitaph occurs—

“Ho, ho ! who lies here?  
'Tis I, the Earl of Devonshire :  
With Kate my wife, to me full dear ;  
We lived together fifty-five year.  
That we spent we had,  
That we left we lost,  
That we gave we have.”

Mention has already been made of Richard Cosway, R.A., who was a native of Tiverton, and was educated at the Free Grammar School in the town, of which his father was a master. In the church is a fine painting by Cosway, the

subject being St. Peter in prison, presented by the artist, and much valued by the custodians of the sacred edifice. The view from the churchyard of this church is particularly fine.

The old castle of Tiverton is supposed to have been built by Richard de Redvers, first Earl of Devon, in or about the year 1106; but very little of the original structure now remains. In the main street of the town is a very noticeable building in the Tudor style. It is an old chapel, and is a relic of some almshouses erected under the will of John Greenway, a merchant of Tiverton, who died in 1529. There are several charming public paths and pleasure grounds in and around the town, and the walks in the district are of unusual beauty and attractiveness.

Bampton is one of the most interesting of ancient market-towns, with a history going back a thousand years. The old Church of St. Michael and All Angels' is assumed to have been founded in Saxon times, the substructure of nave and chancel appearing to be part of the original fabric. History records that a dispensation was granted to Osmond, the rector of St. Michael's in 1527, by Pope Alexander IV. to hold an additional benefice. The altar-piece is the work and gift of Richard Cosway, the famous Devon-

shire painter of miniatures. After the Conquest Bampton was the seat of one of the great feudal barons, Walsein de Douay. The old township was probably a Roman station, and a Roman road traverses a portion of the parish, and, forming a junction with the Seaton road, runs westward to Stratton in North Cornwall. In 1258 Bampton Fair was established by charter; it is still held on the last Thursday in October, when the streets seem to teem with Exmoor ponies, their vendors and purchasers.

“ Did 'ee ever hear tell o' Bampton Town,  
O' Bampton Town in the West Countree?  
'T'es a braave little place, 'pon the edge of the down,  
So quiet, an' neat, and so quaint es can be.

“ Now wance a year the town do wake up,  
An' then all the streets is a zight vor to zee,  
Wi' thousands o' ponies vrom Exmoor drauv up,  
An' volks by the score so gay as can be.”

—*Bampton Fair.*

All the rural world round the green pastures and still waters of the Bampton district swell the traffic of Bampton on Fair Day. There is a noted chalybeate spring here.

Dulverton should be seen in late August, when Red-deer-land is at its best; and Dulverton, its capital, is the headquarters of sport-loving matrons and maids, and whole bat-

talions of the gallant hunting men who follow the merry horn. Dulverton is not exactly in Devonshire, but upon the fringe of the county, near the Barle River, which forms an important tributary of the Exe; it lies in one of the most fascinating valleys possible, where richly clothed hills rise grandly, and form a sanctuary for the wild deer. We are now in the "Lorna Doone" country, and the wide expanse of moor and the narrow streets of the old town alike recall memories of "Girt Jan Ridd" and the others who people Blackmore's classic. But the Exmoor district, and the beautiful country of North Devon, with its grand scenery, its interesting towns and villages, and, above all, its fascinating historical associations, must be reserved for another occasion.

We have, in the foregoing pages, endeavoured to depict Fair Devon in a series of word pictures, faint in outline it is true—for who could produce on canvas or in the printed page a semblance of the beautiful original?—but we have delineated the beauty spots of Devon, the glories of its moor, the picturesqueness of its towns and villages, with here and there a touch of the traditional and romantic, and we trust that we have not

## 136 PICTURESQUE DEVONSHIRE

laboured in vain. Later, we hope to continue the narrative, and as we have in this little volume carried the wayfarer from Plymouth to Axminster and Tiverton, so we aim in a companion volume to cover the rest of the map of Devon, from Exeter to Hartland and Ilfracombe, in the same manner, and thus to complete our survey of Picturesque Devonshire.



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